THE BYSTANDER
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as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, January 31, 1934 No. 1572. Vol. CXXI.

The BYSTANDER

Devised by Macsee

Caricatures by Gould

"Murderous Marriages": No. 12. Dorothy Dickson and Jeff Dickson

For the final of the series of "Murderous Marriages," our eccentric caricaturist has chosen Dorothy Dickson, the well-known actress, and Jeff Dickson, the promoter of boxing contests. Once again disdaining pen and pencil, the artist has secured his results with such odds and ends as a feather, velvet, some wire, a leaf, and a couple of wooden blocks to represent the lady; while the boxing promoter is suggested with paper, card-board, a cork, a real tie, and some blobs of paint

"Isn't it *too* absurd—he simply can't *bear* Chippendale!"

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

The Thing Becomes Absurd

WE had always regarded Wolverhampton as a very quiet, decent, unassuming place. It had its high-spot when it won the English "Soccer" Cup with the help of a parson, but since then it has always seemed to be an unobtrusive little bundle of factory chimneys. But now it has been bitten by the prevalent mania, and has produced two strange beasts which, in turn, tried to bite Wolverhampton. The beasts have been identified as coati-mundi, or Mexican raccoons, and this identification has been a great relief to Midland financial circles. For the dictionary says that a coati-mundi is a creature that lives by "grubbing with an upturned flexible snout," and several homes have been anxious about their bread-winner. In the meanwhile, we are authorised to deny that the Town Council are thinking of substituting the new animal for the old in the city's name, and rechristening their grand old burgh Coatimundihampton. The poor little creature, with its flexible snout, is already stale news. Soon he will be forgotten. Sic transit gloria coati-mundi.

Hugaboo, Baby, on the Tree-Top

THIS week's prize for hugaboo goes to a hotel-manager in Arizona. Miss Garbo and a boy friend are said to have turned up at his hotel. He was entranced at the homeliness of their manners. "Talk about your schoolboy romances," he exclaimed in ecstasy, "you wouldn't think they were famous Hollywood folk. Greta wouldn't let him do a thing. She poured out his tea, and talked to him soft and low."

Isn't that a sweet, pretty picture? And afterwards they were seen in ski-ing costume at the Grand Canyon, but "fled when spoken to." Pretty wee things, canty wee things, as the old song has it. There, there, lovies, don't cry. The horrid man who spoke to you won't hurt you. There, there, precious. Sit on our knee and we 'll tell you the story of Tinkabel the fairy and Nana the nice, big dog. And then, afterwards, we 'll send a radio to dear, kind Sir James Barrie, or one of those dear, kind ladies who live in Bloomsbury-that-likes-to-be-visited.

Downing Street Fracas

SERIOUS trouble has arisen between Captain Anthony Eden and the Monster. (Of course not. No one ever suggested that Sir John was anything of the kind.) It appears that there is some bickering about which is the Public Seal and which the Privy Seal.

"Cheap? Why, Madam, they 're burglar's prices!"

Mad as a Sombrerist

SPAIN'S leading lecturer, one Sanchiz, is stumping the country on behalf of the native hatteries. So great is the enthusiasm for fresh air, that young Spain is going without its black felt tile and straw-boater, and the sombrerias are in the deuce of a mess. "Down with this foreign whim," cries the new crusader, Sanchiz Panza. (That's a teaser for you, little ones. You didn't think we could make puns in Spanish, about Don Quixote's squire. It just shows you what a polyglot crew we are.)

When the campaign is over, we understand that Señor Sanchiz is to be similarly enlisted by the Federation of Spanish manufacturers of Diving-Suits, and later in the year may travel through Central Spain in an attempt to resuscitate the languishing home market for lighthouses.

"Are you quite sure this thing knows its way home?"

From a Serial

"'AHOY!' cried the Vicomte in French."

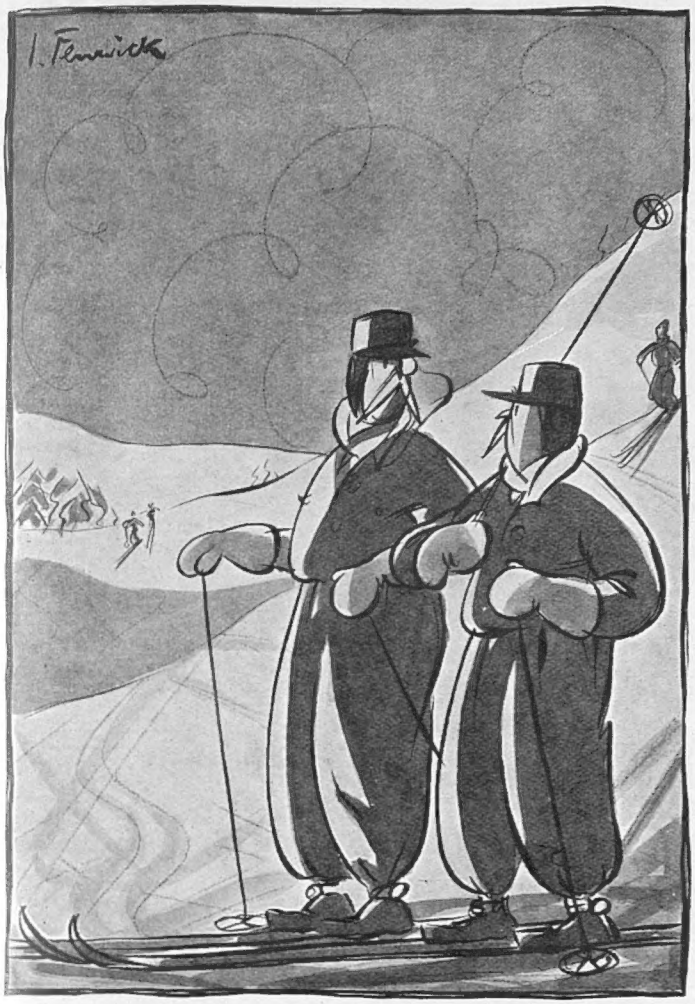
Nearly a Catastrophe

THOSE of us who know our India like the back of our hand, from the Bombay cotton exchange to the ancient jute market of Calcutta, aye, and east again to the Old Moulmein Pagoda (the place, you will remember, where Mr. R. Kipling made his celebrated discovery that the whole region was out of the operating orbit of the London General Omnibus Company), were profoundly relieved to hear that the earthquake only shook the Taj Mahal. What an irreparable loss it would be to life in Bombay if the Taj Mahal had been seriously injured, let alone totally destroyed. Why, that hotel is one of the mainsprings of life in the East ("What will you have, Brigadier?" Thanks, Flag-Captain, the same again"). Ask any box-wallah, or suit-case wallah, or even a trunk-wallah. Shepheard's Hotel, Cairo, the Taj, at Bombay, Anderton's, in Fleet Street, the Golden Fleece at Plantagenet St. Barnabas, in Sussex, we know them all. And we have also seen on the films a picture of the place in Agra that an Indian prince put up in imitation of the Taj Mahal Hotel. But it is not our idea of a hotel, and we doubt very much if there are enough bath-rooms in it.

Lawn Tennis Section

LAWN Tennis is the game, hermosas chiquititas (which is the Spanish for "beautiful little tiny ones"), in which amateurs are amateurs. Or are we thinking of something else? Anyway, the L.T.A. has just elected a great player of the game as its chairman. Few men have done so much for the game as Mr. Roper Barrett, and his choice will be hailed with delight all over the world.

"Where's Spot?"



"Think of all the huntin' and shootin' we're missin'!"

We ourselves saw the famous challenge round in which Mr. Barrett and Antony Wilding played each other to a standstill on a terrifically hot summer's afternoon, and only Wilding's youth and fitness carried him through against an older but superlatively crafty player. Mr. Barrett's lob looked so ludicrously simple and was so horribly subtle. Poor Wilding was killed in 1915.

A Great Saarois

THERE is a fearful schemozzle in the air over the Saar Basin. Is it to go all Nazi or all French, or what? We know nothing about the rights and wrongs of the business, which is jolly lucky for you, sweet lovelies, because, if we did, we would give you a thumping long lecture about it, and you would all go off to your parties with throbbing temples behind those alabaster brows. Instead, we will tell you about a famous man of the Saar, Michel Ney, who was the son of a barrel-cooper, and became Marshal of France and Duke of Elchingen, and held the rear-guard in the Retreat from Moscow. He had flaming-red hair and was called "Le Rougeaud," or, as you might say, "Carrots," by his men.

There, it wasn't so horribly highbrow after all, was it? Or wasn't it?

Oh, General! Come, Come

A DISTINGUISHED military man (Floreant all Crammers!) has been assessing the various contributions of various men to the winning of the World War, and his conclusion is that Mr. Lloyd George did not do so much as a certain Belgian stationmaster who wrote down the numbers of the German regiments that went through his station, and sent the information to the British military authorities. But what about the old woman outside Vladivostok who sold onions to the sailors of the Panama Navy? And Sidi-el-Hassan, who dived for pennies while the Anzac Corps were going through the Suez Canal? And the A.P.M., Paris? And the master-baker at Boulogne? Oh, take away all distinguished military men.

Walking the Plank

"I HAVE nothing to say against golf or lawn tennis," said the secretary of a County Cricket Club the other day, "but I do say that a plank of a public school, or, indeed, any school, should be cricket, because the boys get from it that feeling of GOODWILL and FELLOWSHIP." By an astonishing coincidence, these are the exact words that Mr. Bradman used to Mr. Larwood last winter, before they competed together in the three-legged race at the Ladies' Gymnkhana Sports at Bendigo. "Don," Mr. Larwood is said to have replied, as he choked down a manly sob and dashed a manly tear from his eye with the back of his hand, "you 've said it." Whereupon, both teams lined up and gave three loud huzzas, and Mr. Jardine gave them all a half-holiday.

The Atlanta Solicitor

WE understand that there is a very definite chance of that lawyer-fellow coming over this year to play in our Open Golf Championship. We forget his name, Smith or Robinson or Jones, or something like that, but we have vivid recollections of his holing the fifth hole at St. Andrews in 3, under our very noses, when he won the Championship. If he does come over this year, we shall be in the van, shouting "Hail, Bobby!"

"She told you that, too . . .?"

Slovenly Staff Work

WE do not know who is responsible for the arrangements by which embryonic authors are enabled to desert from the Foreign Legion, but we protest vigorously against the slackness that seems to be prevalent. Two of these young men have just arrived at Gibraltar with an almost incredible tale of inefficiency. Not only was their journey from the interior of Morocco to the sea extremely troublesome owing to the failure of the authorities to provide them with a car, but they were actually arrested by the police at the frontier just as if they had been ordinary travellers. And this is not all. There were nine of these literary men who paraded for desertion on the barrack-square, and seven of them were actually lost on the way. If the organising authorities, whether they be the Society of Authors or the P.E.N. Club or the Société Anonyme de Désertion et Littérature, cannot do better than this, they ought to hand the whole thing over to Messrs. Cook's.

A Horse! A Horse!

THE *Times* newspaper (printed and published in London) has got, it appears, a correspondent in Paris, and to this gentleman the world is indebted for a grand equine story, or, if you prefer that we should throw our culture about a bit, a hippohistory. A man had an ancient and emaciated horse. It fell down opposite a butcher's shop. The butcher came out to help the poor nag to its feet. The poor nag promptly hauled off and kicked the butcher in the stomach. The butcher sued the owner. The owner said that he did not ask the butcher to help him, that the butcher butted in of his own free will, and if the horse butted him out, no one was to blame except the man himself. But the judge blandly declared that he could not give a judgment that might damp prospective Good Samaritanism, and he awarded damages to the butcher. But the horse-owner had a nasty one ready. "I will give him the horse instead," he said; "at the present price of beef it will be worth lots more to him." This imputation on his professional honour got the butcher on a tender spot, and he announced, with some heat and most unexpectedly, that he was a member of a Society for Animal Protection, and would prosecute the horse-owner for underfeeding the animal. Hereupon the court broke up in a gust of loud laughter, in which everyone joined except the horse.

Historical Wisecracks. No. 5

As Mephistopheles muttered to Faust:

"I'LL BE SEEING YOU"

THESPÆANS

No. 18.—Alan Aynesworth

I CONFESS that in my time
Many men I 've guyed in rhyme
(For even poets have to earn a living),
So I had my little joke,
Poking fun at famous folk,
And wrote my ribald rhymes without misgiving;
But one actor I have seen
Is so dignified of mien
And superlatively stately in his bearing,
That I 've never had the pluck
Or the cheek to chance my luck
And give my Muse at HIS expense an airing, for—

Though some actors are but also-rans,
Forgetting manners now and then,
He 's a fine old English gentleman
And a credit to the Upper Ten.

No Archbishop, Prince or peer
Looks so lofty and austere
Or unbends in manner quite so suave and gracious;
When we see him tread the boards,
How we wish that in the Lords
He could thrill them with his presence spruce and spacious;
For although our English stage
Is regarded in this age
As arbiter of grace and the grand manner,
It would surely fade away
And be finished on the day
That our Mr. Alan Aynesworth furled his banner, for—

Though some actors are Bohemian
And haunt the low and vulgar pub,
He 's a fine old English gentleman
And a credit to the Garrick Club.

B. W.

A Kettle of Fish

FINE goings-on in a West End theatre. Strong-arm squads preventing the public from entering the gallery and dress-circle at the first night of a play called *Hemlock*. As one of the Two Black Crows used to remark (alas! that an untimely death should have dissolved that glorious partnership), "Oh, boy, you can't make money that way." We fear that if this is going to happen every night, then *Hemlock* will live up to its ancient tradition as the flower that, as Sir Thomas Browne said, "Scattereth its iniquitous oblivion."

Graceful Corner

WE are not in the least like the hero of Mr. Shaw's play who folded his arms so superbly, drew himself up to his full height, and said, "I never apologise." We ourselves are not built like that. Our villa on the South Coast is rightly named Amende Honorable. So here goes. A few weeks ago our Military Correspondent supplied us with an injudicious and ridiculous invention which reflected on the honour of the Portuguese Army. We ourselves, featherbrains that we are, allowed the paragraph to appear among our other delightful nonsense. We wish to offer our apologies to the citizens of Britain's oldest ally, and we have spoken some sharpish words, borrowed from our recollections of the habitual language of the Regimental Sergeant-Major, to our Military Correspondent.

THE BYSTANDERS.

Leda and the Swan:

A Mythological Fantasy Designed for the Camera by John Everard

The Passing Picture Show: By Sydney Tremayne

"Liebelei"

Above: Magda Schneider and Wolfgang Liebenheimer as the young Viennese lovers whose story has a tragic ending, in the film of Arthur Schnitzler's romance, which is at the Academy

"Le Petit Roi"

Robert Lynen, the boy actor at whom all London marvelled in "Poil de Carotte," makes a second and no less brilliant appearance in the new French film at the Rialto, taking the part of a child King

Below: Jane Baxter, Victoria Hopper, and Peggy Blythe as the three Sanger sisters, and Brian Aherne as Lewis Dodd, in the film of Margaret Kennedy's novel, which Basil Dean directed. It is showing at the New Gallery

"The Constant Nymph"

"The Constant Nymph"

MR. BASIL DEAN produced the play and the silent film of Margaret Kennedy's "best seller," and has now made the talking version. He must be saturated with the scene, the story, and the dramatis personæ—grateful and ungrateful! The result is that this film is almost perfect. Unessentials have been whittled away, the scenic and spiritual content remain intact and as dramatic as the interplay of characters and emotions of a conglomeration of people unusual to the point of unreality, but glamorously rendered, can be.

The only criterion for criticism of the acting is comparison with past impersonations. The infinite charm and pathos of Edna Best's Tessa, and the brilliant, bitter verity of Cathleen Nesbitt's Florence are memorable. Mabel Pulton was, by comparison, a very ordinary Tessa in the silent film. Both Noel Coward and John Gielgud conveyed the impression that Lewis Dodd, while socially monstrous, suffered from genius and its exasperations.

Victoria Hopper, the new and youthful Tessa, has naïveté and untheatrical pathos. It may or may not be right that she lacks a little gaminerie and vitality in the earlier scenes. There is something predestined in the wistfulness of her eyes and voice. Brian Aherne imbues Lewis Dodd with a charm and humanity less noticeable in earlier characterisations. In the Tyrol, with the little Sanger sisters, he is delightful; in his relationship with his English lady wife, not too impossible. . . . The Nymph's constancy seems less poignant in proportion to the amelioration of his character, and, with his extravagances, Dodd loses his genius. There seems an inveterate shallowness in Brian Aherne's acting, and there are at times curiously amateurish phrases in his delivery, but he carries off tossed locks and open-necked shirts in a musicianly manner, and is "hell bent for election" in a popularity contest.

Leonora Corbett has played unsympathetic parts on the stage extremely well, but either she has succumbed to the general "sweetness" of *The Constant Nymph* or she is camera-conscious. She fails to discover either the meanness or the embarrassments of Florence. Mary Clare repeats her exuberant performance as Sanger's last mistake, with an added touch of the grotesque which may add to the fun but scarcely explains the family problems. Lyn Harding gives one of his almost startling character-studies in the small part of the great man: a looming, broken ruin in a sunny landscape.

"Le Petit Roi"

THE encores of prodigies are often tedious, but the French boy, Robert Lynen, is not a prodigy—he is an actor with inherent talent which discounts the merits of experience. In *Le Petit Roi* he plays a part utterly different from *Poil de Carotte* with an understanding of romanticism allied to realism which is truly remarkable. It is not surprising that the boy King of a troublous (and foggy! European country, separated from an exiled mother, should have) been considered sufficiently romantic to be the central figure in a film. The tyranny of Court etiquette and regulations intended to make a King, but destructive to the health and happiness of a mere boy, are well handled. Plots to murder the young King supply drama. A foreign specialist orders his royal patient to the south of France, where he finds his mother and learns to play with other children (or, as this is a French film, a little girl). A timely revolution puts a welcome end to his kingship, as it did for Mr. Arliss in *The King's Vacation*—good enough for film stuff but sufficiently trite if it were not for the faultless performance of this lanky little boy, who looks and acts like no other child-actor.

"Liebelei" and "Prenez Garde à la Peinture"

"LIEBELEI" comes to London on the wings of three Continental reputations: those of the late Arthur Schnitzler, the author; Max Ophüls, director; and Magda Schneider, the young, handsome, and histrionically endowed star. But if this film is characteristic, Ophüls cannot be numbered among the directors who will make film history. His method is retrogressive; the movement of the story, which leads to the heroine's suicide as the only solution to an ungeometrical triangle problem, is lethargic. There seems a morbid tendency to suicide among faithless wives (as well as ill-used children) in Continental films!

Prenez Garde à la Peinture is made from the original play by Fauchois on which *The Late Christopher Bean* was based. The Provençal scenery is attractive and seems generic to the theme. The wit of the dialogue is not conveyed by the English titles, and the satire on Parisian picture dealers and fakers therefore misses fire. The acting is excellent, especially that of Aquistapace as the doctor and Charlotte Clasis as the middle-aged maid with a past (there is a Gallic insistence on the nature of her relationship with the posthumously famous painter!). But the film lacks momentum and relies more on mental than physical mobility.

P.S.—*Catherine of Russia* has had a brilliant première in Paris, and has been shown to "the trade" in London, but, up to the time of writing, the well-disposed curiosity of the Press has not been satisfied.

The Tiara Boom (de-ay)

A Fashion That "Alice in Wonderland" is Responsible For

Lady Brownlow wears her tiara set flat and far back on her head: this was at the Grantham Hospital Ball

Mrs. G. Jenner has a jewelled bandeau which she wore at the Cowan Dobsons' dance at their South Edwardes Square studio

Miss Primrose Salt, at the Grantham Hospital Ball, wore a halo-like head-dress of, if we may guess, plaited velvet

The modern Alice-band worn by Miss Christa Paravicini at the Grantham Hospital Ball, shows a slight Grecian influence, being double over the top of the head

Left: Miss U. Cull's original spiked head-ornament was inspired by the tiara rather than by Alice's fashion. This was also seen at the Prosperity Ball

Mrs. Cowan Dobson, at the party she and her husband gave, joined the "halo" school, and wore one of sparkling, flower-like design in her sleek hair

Miss Winifred Paget is one of the younger generation whom an Alice-band becomes well. Hers is a flat jewelled one; she wore it at the Prosperity Ball

Miss Peta Davies proves that the variations that can be played on the tiara theme are practically endless; at the Prosperity Ball she had chosen yet another style

The groundsman: ex-Marine Colour-Sergeant Grantham

The gateman: "Farmer Giles" Rex

"Nod" Saunders

John Lamont, who played against the first French "Rugger" team to visit this country, now looks on

Right: Bill Ramsay, Team Secretary of Middlesex

C. E. M. ("Cyril") Wiggins, the Captain

Two of the "heavies" now out of training: Ted Carris (left), who now plays with the putter, and W. D. Giles, Mayor of Bromley, Kent

Roger Spong, International fly-half

Peter Howard, Captain of England, 1931

John Lapthorn, the vice-captain. His uncle founded the Club in 1878

The Old Millhillians

Some of the Personalities in this Old Boys' Rugger Club, depicted by H. H. Harris

Music (and all That)

Covent Garden: Galli-Curci: Furtwängler

By "Melos"

COVENT GARDEN Opera House has been made all glorious without, and I understand that, within, the good work of renovation also goes on. The old place has been scraped and cleaned until it looks like the newest picture-palace. The Faraday frieze, which came from the theatre's predecessor on this site, burnt down in the 'fifties, at last lets anyone who stands on the steps of Bow Street police station see what its subject-matter is. The frieze is guarded on either side by two more-than-life-size female figures, scrubbed, after all these years, into a very presentable cleanliness. I do not know who these ladies are supposed to be; perhaps Lady Cunard and Lady Snowden.

Furtwängler and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra

Above is Furtwängler conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra at the Queen's Hall, where they gave two concerts last week, as well as one at the Albert Hall on Sunday. Left: Baron Frankenstein, the Austrian Minister, and Mrs. Theodore Wessel, Lord Churston's mother, at the first of the Queen's Hall concerts

What is much more important is that we are to have an opera season and a good one, including plenty of Wagner, a new Strauss opera (*Arabella*), and such tried favourites as *La Bohème*, *Turandot* and *Carmen*, which, in addition to their musical value, give scope for first-class singing, and, indeed, demand it.

FEW of the patrons of Covent Garden realise that immediately beneath the stalls space is a huge room, at one time devoted almost solely to the use of rats. The rats have gone, the place is to be used as a "rest room," and snack-bars and other facilities will be available there in the intervals.

Although a new syndicate now reigns, with Mr. Geoffrey Toye as managing-director—the death of the much-beloved Col. Eustace Blois last year made certain radical changes inevitable—many familiar faces will be recognised when the summer season opens. Among these will be Mr. Percy Eales, who was business manager in the pre-war days, and Mr. Barron, box-office manager and the secretary of the new company.

APART from the winter season at the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells, the only opera now in London is the special production of Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel*, which continues to do well at the Cambridge Theatre. Sex-experiments in casting seem to have been justified, and devotees of this lovely work are now accustomed to seeing, for the first time in their lives, a male Hansel. Mr. Leslie French solves the difficult problem so well that I almost refrained from quoting the Johnsonian "Would to God it were impossible!"

But why not develop the idea? For next year's revival I would suggest Mr. Beverley Nichols and Master Christopher Robin as Hansel and Gretel respectively. Then everything in the garden path would be thoroughly Humperdinky.

MME. GALLI-CURCI'S recital at the Albert Hall was rather a disappointment, not only because the fog got into it and rather diminished the attendance.

I read on the following morning that Madame is self-taught, which I hardly think possible. At the same time, she displayed so many faults that I could have said that whoever did teach her had made rather a hash of it, had it not been for the fact that the last time she sang in the Albert Hall she sang fifty per cent. better.

She has a fine voice and a peculiarly sweet tone quality; but her methods of production are often so clumsy and she manages her phrasing and her breathing so amateurishly, that it is sometimes difficult to realise how she has become one of the world's great singers—a position she has undoubtedly reached.

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM'S letter in defence of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, which Labour's egregiously unfair organ had described as a Nazi body, was timely and typical of the man.

The paragraph which prompted Sir Thomas's action came as near incitement to riot as anything I have ever read in a more or less responsible newspaper. The suggestion of anti-Fascist disturbances was obviously a case, as one wise commentator put it, of the wish being father to the thought. In such inflammable circumstances, one has only to suggest that there *may* be a riotous demonstration for a lot of hot-headed nit-wits to rush in and make one.

HOWEVER, all was quiet on the Queen's Hall front, the only anti-Nazi repercussions being reserved for the following morning in a quarter where anti-Nazi criticisms were the inevitable sequel to preliminary anti-Nazi propaganda.

This Berlin orchestra (which, of course, has no political aspect about it whatever) is a really first-class body of players, a fact which most people have known for years. But what is of more recent growth is the excellence of our own orchestras; there is not much to choose between the London Philharmonic, when at the top of their form, and the Berlin Philharmonic, and I prefer the horns of the former. Sir Thomas Beecham and Herr Furtwängler are both mighty conductors; yet it is not insensate patriotism which makes me give a few more marks to Sir Thomas. The position, shortly, is that the visit of these Berliners is not so unique a treat as it formerly was, not because they have deteriorated, but because our own standard of playing has vastly improved.

Quite perfect was Herr Furtwängler's Bach Suite in D, and he put plenty of fire into Beethoven's Seventh—the jolliest and most riotous of all the symphonies. The Schumann Symphony in D minor was rather over-sentimentalised. It has moments of rare beauty, but it is uneven. And is it blasphemous to suggest that it would be all the better for being re-orchestrated?

C

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 35. Captain Anthony Eden

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

THIS faultless young man is always a symphony in brown—and very often a symphony in a brown study. That is when Sir John Simon has been more dictatorial than usual at Geneva, and Captain Eden is left to hold the baby or try to explain it away.

The new Lord Privy Seal is excessively good-looking and swell-elegantly tailored. In France they talk at length about the Eden silhouette—particularly the trousers. He has brown eyes, brown hair, and a brown moustache. Like the rest of its owner it (the moustache) is now nicely modulated. Twelve years ago, when it used to stay at Warwick with the Marshes, it was rather a swaggering, military affair. To-day it is stroked upwards every now and then. But the helmet of the K.R.R.'s having given place overhead to the soft black hat of the Foreign Office, it has acquired a suitably civilian air.

Its owner has had a fairly meteoric rise—though not so meteoric as that of Sir Austen Chamberlain when a young man. Nevertheless, a constitutional precedent was broken the other day when Captain Eden was given permission to "sit in" on Cabinet meetings, although he is neither a Cabinet Minister, nor even a Privy Councillor. Which shows the importance attached by the Premier to his reports on the state of the Continent.

IF he had time, Captain Eden would probably be a gourmet. Instead, he usually bolts his food at the Club. Lawn tennis, too, has gone by the board, together with dancing and the theatre. But there are bound to be some disadvantages of being an Elder Statesman—as the Lord Privy Seal-ship entails—at the age of thirty-six.

What is the secret of his success? Tact? Earnestness? Nice manners? Not entirely. I think it can be most easily traced to the fact that he was so original as actually to take advantage of being a Parliamentary Private Secretary. A "P.P.S." is rather like an A.D.C. He can make much or little of his post. If the A.D.C. takes the trouble to read all the G.O.C.'s private papers, as is his right in this instance, he can learn to become an Army Commander himself—though perhaps this is not a happy simile to apply to a man whose chief job is to make peace and ensue it.

Captain Eden is married and has two children. He went to Eton and the House (so goodness knows where he learnt his languages!) and has sat for Warwick for ten years. His brother is the eighth Baronet. He himself once wrote a travel book called *Places in the Sun*. That was prophetic. He has a place in the sun himself now. Let 's hope it keeps fine for him. Even if it does not, Captain Eden will be all right. Though he has never had a set-back, I am sure he can "take it."

"I'd like to take him away with me—the dog, I mean"

Vandamm, New York

Many Happy Returns

Ina Clare May Come Back to England

Ina Clare, one of America's best-known actresses, started her career in vaudeville, making her name with her mimicry, graduating into musical plays, and in 1917 to the legitimate stage. In 1913 she came to England in "The Girl from Utah," and next year appeared in "The Belle of Bond Street." Her New York parts have included leads in a number of plays that have run in London—"Polly With a Past"; "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," "Our Betters." She has toured as Elena in "Reunion in Vienna," and since 1929 has done a good deal of film-work. Now, after many years, there is news that Ina Clare will probably be coming to England again, and will appear in a play called "Biography"

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Design for Loving—Old and New

Ballets Jooss Come to the Gaiety

So successful was the Ballets Jooss season in London at the Savoy Theatre last year that C. B. Cochran is again presenting this clever company, at the Gaiety, where the first performance was given last Monday. The picture shows a scene from "The Seven Heroes"

"The Rivals," at the Ambassadors

Jack Livesey as Captain Absolute and Lesley Wareing as Lydia Languish, in Sydney Carroll's gay revival of Sheridan's comedy

"The Rivals" (Ambassadors)

THERE 's something queer about an age of wit and worldliness (and I take it these attributes apply to 1775 and all that) which could have found an aqueduct for its tears in the maudlin sentimentalities of a Julia and a Faulkland. It all goes for to show that love is as much a victim of fashion as slang, dress, or furniture. Cut their romantic maunderings to a minimum, to allow for current taste in matters of the heart, and Sheridan's early hit has fewer claims for the show-case or the curiosity shop than Mae West. Fagg, that princeling among gentlemen's gentlemen; Bob Acres; Mrs. Malaprop; Lucy, her baggage of a maid; and old David, the living spirit of the old retainer through the ages, are privileged good companions whose "Come up and see us sometime" is a standing invitation not to be ignored.

Aside from its perpetual gaiety and humour, *The Rivals* is a tantalising object-lesson for young authors in search of the gag immortal. How immortal are Mrs. Malaprop's classic solecisms you have only to glance at your *Tatler* most weeks to understand. Here, with masterly regularity and artful aid, Mr. George Belcher bestows their Cockney counterpart on a succession of bibulous ladies of the street-corner. As for Bob's oaths—odd's jazz and cocktails!—I wager these offsprings of the context will still be getting laughs when "You 're telling me!" celebrates in oblivion its two-hundredth birthday.

Mr. Sydney Carroll's revival at the Ambassadors puts gusto before red tape with the happiest results. I dare say the traditionalists will be croaking this and that through their beards—item, that Lesley Wareing's Lydia Languish lacks a mickle of conscious mockery: item, that Frank Cellier makes Bob Acres a beefy and breezy hunting Squire, instead of a complete bucolic dolt; item, that producer Baliol Holloway's Sir Anthony Absolute is a lean, Satanic fury, where convention, I suppose, expects a peppery, pot-bellied volcano. I will leave you to fight it out with them, merely observing that there 's a great deal to be said for new ways with old masters.

I liked Margaret Churchill (Lucy) immensely, because she switched her sauce and vitality back into the period with unerring aim. Lydia is on more difficult and artificial ground, and Lesley Wareing's youth and prettiness are surely paradise enow. Mr. Cellier simply cannot be gainsaid, and if it is intended that Fagg should outshine his master, then Henry Hewitt in costume is the very man for the eclipse.

Despite this show of elegance, Roger Livesey makes a resolute job of Captain Absolute; Paul Farrell, forsaking the heavy man's stock bluster, tempers Sir Lucius O'Trigger's blood-lust with an almost too icy reason; and Lady Tree gets her laughs by the light of nature with non-stop regularity. Old David, as Randle Ayrton plays him, could walk off with the tears and the cheers in any native comedy, present or to come. He and his like have a rendezvous, for all time, with England—before the by-passes.

"Saturday's Children" (Westminster)

MAXWELL ANDERSON'S six-year-old American comedy, anglicised by Cecil Madden, turns out to be a slight, charming affair (it was all over at ten-fifteen on its first performance) given over to an old but engaging theme. Joy frets over her typewriter for Robin, bound for China. She fools him into proposing, on sisterly advice well founded on matrimonial hints in "The Home Page" (the American magazines hand out this dope pretty thoroughly). Married life in a thumb-nail flat is a daily round of dish-washing, quarrels over money (Robin earns £4 a week and likes his game of poker), and visits from relations. Joy quits, goes back to her job, dines out with her old boss, and rents a bed-sitting room in one of those traditional Bloomsbury lodging-houses of which the chatelaine can only be Barbara Gott, all set for Grand Guignol. Joy's father drops in to muddle the poor kid with some frankly pagan views about wild oats. Marriage, he says, kills romance and liberty and love-making, which is just what we always suspected. Still, there 's something to be said for fathers who sink their independence and spend the best part of their youth in bringing up a comely daughter for some unpleasant young man to make miserable.

In the end, Robin, having drifted dismally out of the door, climbs in through the window, while Joy sobs miserably in her under-clothes, and all is well till the next time. The newly-weds are Dorothy Hyson and Colin Keith Johnson, and between them, in spite of their limited attack, they make it pretty clear that more young muddle-headed romantics ought to place a firm order for "The Home Page." Miss Hyson is surpassingly pretty and inexperienced, Mr. Keith Johnson the embodiment of a dull dog with sentimental inhibitions. As sister Florrie, sharp-tongued, quick-witted and man-wise, Joyce Barbour gives a welcome bite to a thin, but palatable, slice of bread and honey.

TRINCULO.

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

THE House is back and at work again. The thirty million electors in this country may not notice any startling change resulting therefrom, except for an additional column or so in their daily newspapers. But the fact that the Union Jack once more flies over Victoria Tower is a reminder that Sir Stafford Cripps has not yet turned the place into a warehouse, and that this country is still prepared to manage its own affairs, Ole Uncle Tom Mosley and all!

MR. MACDONALD has been making speeches. In his defence of the National Government he has been almost passionate. It is understandable. He is defending his own future. Most people have to defend their pasts. The Prime Minister has been allowed (pace Lady Houston) to forget his. It 's the hereafter which troubles him. The soi-disants Liberal-Nationalists and pseudo-Socialists in the Government are fully aware that if they cannot swim with the tide they will sink. They will plumb the depths. The Conservatives are not enamoured of drowning men ; they will save themselves by the ark of their fathers. It has withstood a flood before now. But space is limited, and reserved strictly for the faithful.

MR. ELLIOT has been making a speech, too. He gave an address to the University of Aberdeen, in his capacity as their Rector. He called his speech *The Endless Adventure, the Government of Men*. But there was nothing original in that. Mr. F. S. Oliver has written a book with that title. Two volumes of it have been published ; there are two more to come. I gave a quotation on this page from its Introduction in the last week of the Old Year. May we flatter ourselves that the Minister of Agriculture has been reading our back numbers ?

MR. MACMILLAN wrote a book on Reconstruction. Lord Eustace Percy has written one, *Government in Transition*. Now Mr. Macmillan has reviewed Lord Eustace's book. He found it stimulating ; that was good for him, for his own ideas of reconstruction can only be called stifling.

LORD EUSTACE PERCY is a curious mixture. In appearance he is untidy, yet he has an orderly mind. As a Minister he was unimaginative ; in the books he has written he has been original and fanciful. He is a disappointment in that he became President of the Board of Education when he was still a young man, but he managed his Department in the sober policy of tradition.

EDUCATION has dropped out of the picture altogether lately. It has become a haven of rest. Lord Irwin (now Lord Halifax) must find it a solace after India. While he was Viceroy, he was continuously criticised and abused. As President of the Board of Education he is at peace.

WHAT part does he play in the Cabinet ? Not an inconsiderable one. Mr. Baldwin relies on him ; so does Mr. MacDonald ; so does Sir Samuel Hoare. To a lesser degree, so does Sir John Simon. He is personally so charming that his official failings may be overlooked, which has its advantages for some people.

THE Cabinet is the most fascinating of speculations. No one knows what goes on there, unless Ministers go so far as to let the cat just peep out of the bag. That 's the most we can hope for. Though there is one Cabinet Minister to-day who, at the right hour and in the right place, can be relied on to give a faithful account of his colleague's indiscretions as they appear to him.

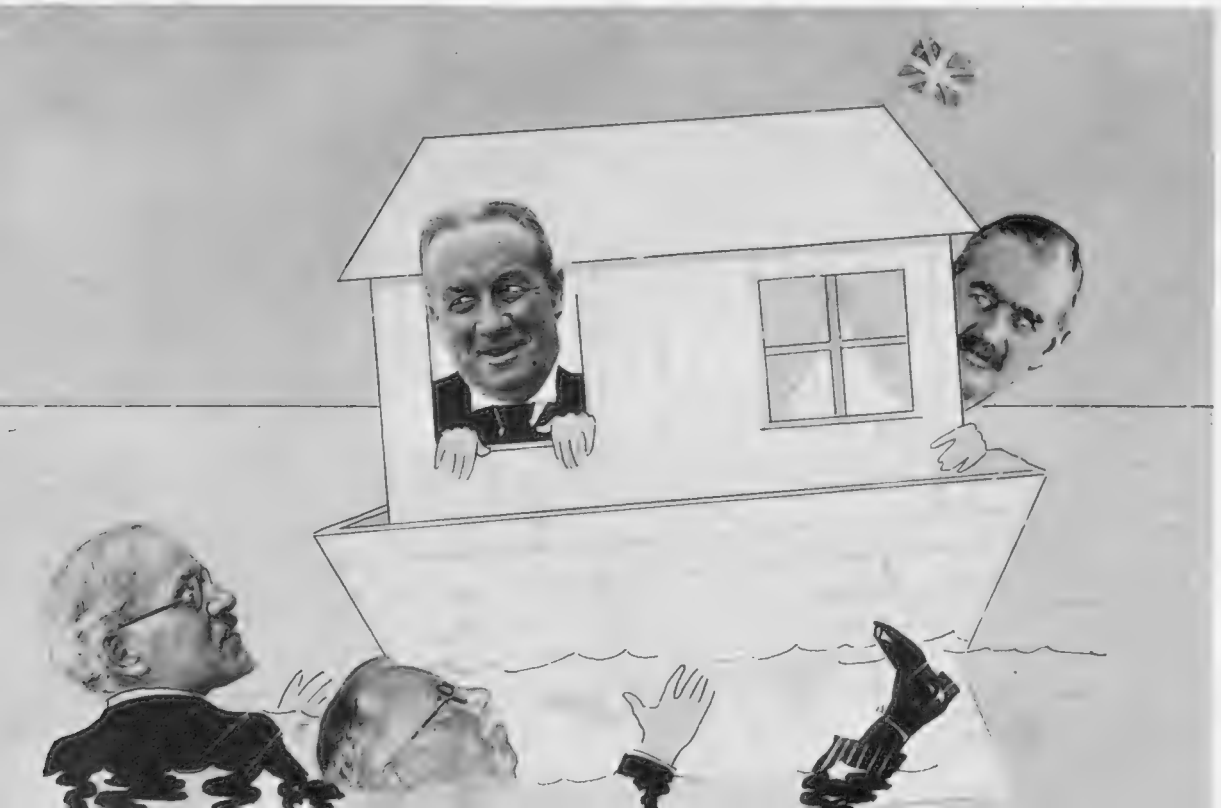
Who is talkative, who is silent, when they sit round the table in the pillared room ? Lord Snowden was supposed to open his mouth when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer only to say "No." Mr. Churchill has told us that Lord Birkenhead was extraordinarily quiet.

THE Parliamentary Private Secretary to the President of the Board of Education is Lord Dufferin. He is a young man, not yet twenty-five. He was tipped for appointment as Under-Secretary to the Foreign Office in place of Lord Stanhope. But if his outlook is as strenuous as his speech was in Ulster the other day, how could he even have been considered ? Robustness at the Foreign Office would be terribly out of place, but it is certainly refreshing elsewhere.

I SEE that the Socialists have been saying that they are ready for the next Election and their subsequent victory. But none the less they are a trifle nervous as to when it will come. The date, of course, depends on the Government's own inclination. They will choose the time best suited to their own chances. October seems the favourable month.

IN spite of all the rumours I do not think that this year of grace, 1934, will see us in the throes of a G.E. I certainly have it on the most reliable authority that the National Government agents do not expect one this year. It appears almost definite that the Government will run its full term, though the chance of an Election this autumn was being fully canvassed during the holidays.

I MUST apologise to the readers of this page for having led them to suppose that Lord Hinchingbrooke would be the National Candidate for Cambridge. There 's many a slip, etc., and Lord Hinchingbrooke will become the Member for some other safe Conservative seat. Commander Tufnell will hold the fort at Cambridge, and Mr. Loftus will keep his Party in possession at Lowestoft, in rather a watery form. Much has been said of his book, *The Creed of a Tory*. I doubt if Sir Roger Keyes, who is standing at Portsmouth, and who really is a Tory, would recognise his Credo as even remotely connected with Mr. Loftus's. Anyway, they will be able to talk it over in the House, and have plenty of time to do so. Elasticity always was the strength of the Conservative Party.



"The Conservatives are not enamoured of drowning men ; they will save themselves by the ark of their fathers. It has withstood a flood before now. But space is limited and reserved strictly for the faithful"

Left: Gary Cooper as Tom, the painter, and Fredric March as George, the playwright, with Miriam Hopkins who's Gilda, the girl-friend that neither of them can do without. Centre: Ernst Lubitsch, who re-shaped Coward's play into its new film form, talking to Miriam Hopkins on the set. Bottom: Gilda (Miriam Hopkins) and Max (Edward Everard Horton), the man she marries when her boy-friends get to quarrelling over her too violently

Re-"Design for Living"

It's a Wise Author That Knows His Own Play

WHAT Ernst Lubitsch did with his copy of Noel Coward's "Design For Living" is nobody's business. He didn't, anyway, use it when he was making the film that has the same name as Coward's great Broadway success. He changed the story, and he even changed the names of the two "heroes"—Leo and Otto are now George and Tom. Ben Hecht, who re-wrote the dialogue, only kept one of Noel Coward's lines, but he put in some good wisecracks of his own. Fredric March, Gary Cooper and Miriam Hopkins, who do for the film what Noel Coward, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne did for the play, and Edward Everard Horton as the funny man, are a grand team, and keep the farce going at speed-limit pace. The film is breaking the popularity record for a second week at the Plaza

DO THEY GO TO THE DORCHESTER?

Sasha

(1) Yes, everyone does go to the Dorchester, and the various reasons appear on another page just to make the matter quite clear. In this party, which was dated for Monday last week, the big night, were Mrs. Fleitmann, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks Junior, Miss Bunting Stephenson, Mr. Hilton Philipson, and Miss Gertrude Lawrence

Looking at

FIRST-NIGHT FLASHLIGHTS

(2) Mr. Bailey and Kathleen, Lady Domville were at the first Berlin Philharmonic Concert at the Queen's Hall. (3) Miss Dunlop went with Mr. Whitney Straight, the young American racing motorist, to the same concert. (4) Miss Yvonne Arnaud, whose own first night (in "Henry V.") took place on Saturday, Mrs. Leslie Gamage, and Mrs. Baxter went to the first night of "The Constant Nymph." (5) Lord Ashfield took his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Rutland, to the same event at the New Gallery. (6) Lord Lurgan and his son, the Hon. William Brownlow, also went to "The Constant Nymph" première. (7) Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Madden at the first night of "Saturday's Children," of which Mr. Cecil Madden arranged the English (from the American) version. (8) Sir Shirley and Lady Worthington-Evans were in the New Gallery first-night audience

FIRST-NIGHT FLASHLIGHTS

London . . .

If You Want to Know "WHAT'S ON"
Turn to page A—before the frontispiece—for "The Bystander's" weekly guide to London Amusements.

"LONDON NIGHTS"
Dinner, Dance and Cabaret.
Our Special Restaurant Feature appears monthly. Next time, February 20.

Swaebe

Dancing—

(9) Mr. Philip Kindersley dancing with the Hon. Mrs. Somerset Maxwell, whose son, Simon Kenlis Maxwell, was christened about two weeks ago

(10) Another party at the Dorchester on the opening night of the new cabaret included Jack Hulbert, Cicely Courtneidge, just back from New York, Clifford Whitley, Ivor Maclaren, and Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Howes

NIGHT LIFE

Sasha

—and Supping

(11) Miss N. Rothschild and Mr. S. Cuthbert having supper together at Monseigneur, where Douglas Byng has added some fine new numbers to his repertoire

Swaebe

A Party at the Monseigneur

(12) In another, and larger, supper-party were Mr. Adams, Miss I. Richards, Mr. N. H. Speirs, the Hon. Mrs. Andrew Weir, the Hon. Andrew Weir, Lord Inverforth's only son, and Miss N. Greenhalgh

GOING OUT TO

Sketches by Molly Bishop

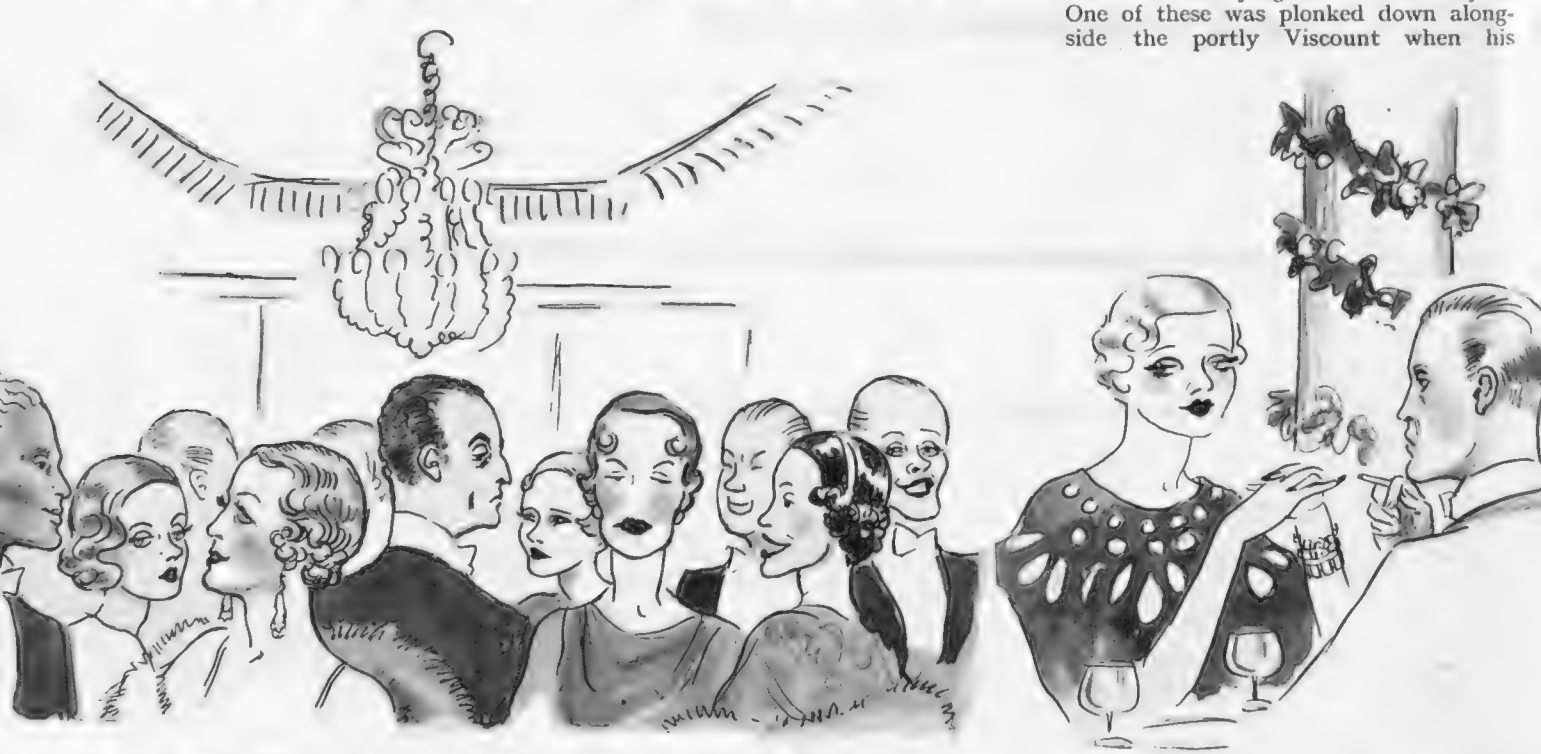
At the Café de Paris: Mrs. John Hallett (Averil Streatfeild that was) dancing with her husband, and wearing the week's best dress; Lady Brougham and Vaux dancing with Mr. John Drury-Lowe

Mary McCormic, New York prima donna, singing "La Tosca" at the Café de Paris

LAST week started off with a fine flourish of trumpets. "Les Reines sont mortes, vivent les Reines!" was the cry at the Dorchester on Monday night, when Clifford Whitley sent the pitcher to the well (not of loneliness) for the second time. And up came a fresh bucketful of loveliness in the persons of a new batch of "Les Girls." There is more dancing and comedy in the new cabaret, but I am not sure that there is as much beauty as in the previous batch. However, the West End clubmen will soon put it to the vote.

PREVIOUSLY, at the New Gallery, there had been a première presentation of *The Constant Nymph*, another British film which is said to be going to put Hollywood's nose out of joint. Most good judges, having seen it, think that it will—the performance of Brian Aherne especially is brilliant. He was there for the opening night, but Victoria Hopper was trilling away as Gretel, at the Cambridge Theatre, showing Hansel what a constant little sister she was. Epstein, Gilbert Frankau, Lady Birkenhead, Lord Lurgan, Lord Ashfield were all watching the film—one can see that these first nights are just as socially important as those of the theatres.

I DID not notice at the Dorchester that anybody looked surprised when Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, walked in with Gertie Lawrence, and that his esteemed father was sitting next to Lady Ashley in Lord Queensberry's party; much more excitement was caused by Mr. "Gussie" Schweder dancing with Lady Adare—Mayfair dearly loves a novelty. Lord Castlerosse looked in with Sir Wyndham Portal and Captain "Cardie" Montagu. And they looked like three wine-tasters trying out the samples. One of these was plonked down alongside the portly Viscount when his



At the Dorchester: Sir Paul Latham, Mrs. Archie Campbell, Lady Mount Temple, Lord Milford Haven, Mrs. Gerald d'Erlanger, Mrs. Loel Guinness, Mr. Dale Bourn, Lady Charles Cavendish, and Mr. Fred Astaire

Jeanne Stewart and Lord Normanton

GOINGS-ON "The Bystander" in Society

companions had left him—she seemed pretty, quiet, and unspoiled. Judging from her photograph I should say her name was Ferne M'Callister. Others who have been judging the exhibits during the week are Lord and Lady Stanley, Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald, Jeff Dickson, who does not seem to have made up his mind with regard to his rumoured engagement, and Mr. Ernest Raphael. And it takes a great deal to lure the last-named away from his six-pack bézique and bridge at the Portland Club.

LORD DONEGALL, the slender Marquess, gave a cocktail-party for the departing "Girls." It was held at Punch's Club; I noticed Mrs. Vernet, who had come in there for a quiet meal, eyeing the exhibits with great interest, and General Sir Hill Child seemed to be wondering what it was all about. The girls departed the next day on the Ile de France, as did the Nick Prinseps, and Madeleine Carroll with her husband, Captain Philip Astley.

ETON went back into residence on Wednesday, which probably cheered up a lot of parents quite considerably. Among the new boys who "had their first chat with the Head," Dr. Claude Elliott, were sons of Lord Cholmondeley, Lord Rayleigh, and Lord Cullen. As the Western Brothers would say, "Alma mater. . . ."

THE Atlantis left Southampton on Friday for a fifty-five days' cruise, around South America. Mr. and Mrs. Corlette Glorney, Colonel R. L. Birkin, Sir John and Lady Mullens all figure in the passenger list, and so does the Rev. Harold Wilde. This gentleman has just been appointed by the S.P.G. (no need, of course, to put it in full) to the lonely island of Tristan da Cunha, and will be landed at this point, together with 12 tons of stores, including food, musical instruments, timber and two life-boats—I hope not the ship's band, too, though from some ships the loss would be welcome.

IT was a great week in the musical world, led off by Galli-Curci at the Albert Hall. She is a fine singer, but not enough to fill the Albert Hall, either with her voice or an audience. But the grand organ did on the Tuesday night, and dragged earnest, middle-aged Kensingtonians from their suppers to hear what was booming away in the Gore. For one of the notes stuck, or did something much more technical, and let out a permanent blast which caused Mr. Geoffrey Toye to peer anxiously from the artists' room to see if his Royal Choral Society was still intact. Brilliantly as Furtwängler and his Berlin Boys performed at the Queen's Hall, on Monday and Tuesday, the week's real musical high-spot was Bruno Walter with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, playing a Beethoven programme.

WEDNESDAY was a gala day for the best catteries. At Paddington Baths, Lady Eardley Wilmot's Blue Cats, and Lady Hardwicke's Siamese registered feline victories in the Southern Counties Cat Club Championship, always marked on my diary as one of the more important sporting events of the year. One could not but admire the strictness of the regulation "No one may remove a cat from its pen except the Owner or a Club Official: Penalty for contravention £5." The question is—would anybody want to do so?

ON the same day was a rival show, that of the Pekin Palace Dog Association, a long title for such little dogs. There were fifty-nine prizes among about a hundred exhibits, which sat in St. Marylebone Hall yapping away to their hearts' content. Queens of the Dog World are Mrs. Ashton Cross, Mrs. Vlasto, and Mrs. Elkan.

FAMOUS melodrama is being presented at the Little Theatre, in *East Lynne*. To most playgoers it is only a name; to see it is certainly to get a good laugh. The villain, Sir Francis Levison, Bart., lures Lady Isabel, the dove, to "A Parlour in the Hôtel St. Denis, Grenoble, France." I saw Lady Eleanor Smith studying the scenery of this almost Cochran-ian production most carefully; that is, when she was not laughing. And she explained to me that Little Willie, off the stage, was the villain's wife!

THE Apéritif Grill is having a big success. But Quaglino does not neglect his first money-spinner. At luncheon the other day there was a struggle for tables at the Apéritif, with the little man doing his best for his clients. Two women walked in and, in spite of protests, abandoned the contest and walked down to the Bury Street resort. But Quaglino was there first, and was all ready to receive them on their arrival.

CIRO'S, which now will have to do without John Tilley for a time in its cabaret (he has gone to America, to tell them about the Loch Ness Monster), has been quite bright lately. Lord Brownlow was there one night, collecting his house-party for Belton Park. For they are rehearsing for the production of *Diplomacy*, to be performed this week at Grantham in aid of the hospital. Lady Brownlow is taking the part of Dora, the heroine; Lady Kinloch, Sir William Bromley-Davenport, and Captain Geoffrey Bull are also in the cast.

MR. PEEPS

The Hon. Sheila Berry seen having supper with Mr. Randolph Churchill

Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg and Mrs. Peter Horlick

Right: at Ciro's: Mr. Anthony Hornby, Lady Veronica Hornby, and Mme. Provatoroff

Midnight Folly on Park Lane

"Les Girls" (1934) Dashingly Dance at the Dorchester

Lords Castlerosse and Donegall and Miss Virgil Dodd ("Les Girls," 1933) look on

Below are four of the American beauties who make up the new troupe of dandy dancers at the Dorchester; this quartette, who, surprisingly enough, are more brunette than blonde, are Yvonne Grey, Joyce Jahnson, Marguerite de Coursey, and Elise Gernan

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Photographs by Sasha

Below: the blonde singer, Jayne Manners, who puts across her ballad numbers very attractively

Sasha

Photographs by Sasha

Here's another quartette out of the "New York Midnight Follies of 1934," and all but one brunettes again: the two at the top are Gloria Pierre and Orchid Henson, and below them are Toni Chase, pianist for the singers, and Helen Day

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny were having supper at the Dorchester on the crowded opening night

An artist's-eye view of the Dorchester while the big show is on: "Les Girls" in their broad-mesh net dresses making a background for Mitzie Mayfair and Nick Long, who are doing a rapid and flashing tango

Maurice Seymour

Here is a solo view of the same Mitzie Mayfair, the star-dancer of the cabaret, and one of the best-known dancers on Broadway—all this at the age of nearly seventeen. She joined the Ziegfeld Follies when she was fourteen

ROUND

The Grantham Hospital Ball

Top : Lady Conyers gives Major Jackson a light for his cigarette. Lord and Lady Conyers came over to this charity dance from Harston, their place near Grantham

Centre : Mrs. James Seely and Mrs. "Bill" Seely were two of the Nottingham contingent who went to the Ball

Bottom : Captain Philip Donner and Miss Sheila Paravicini at the Grantham Town Hall for the Hospital Ball, which is always held in the Hunt Ball season

Dancing with the Woodland Pytchley

Mr. John Thomson, Miss Watts-Russell, and Miss Irene Cholmondeley at the Woodland Pytchley Wire Fund Ball, held, for the first time for nine years, at Drayton House

Miss Pamela Holland and Captain J. A. Hornsby, joint-Master of the Woodland Pytchley, at Drayton House, which belongs to Captain and Mrs. Nigel Stopford Sacville

The Cottesmore on a Cold and Frosty Morning

Lady Anne Bridgeman and the Hon. William Astor were out with the Cottesmore when they met at Burton Lazars ; the serious business of the day didn't start till noon, because of the frost, but was good business when it did start, ending with a hunt of over an hour that lasted till dark

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Oxford University Show Great Form

West Hill Fail to Win a Single Singles Match

Below: J. F. Jackson and L. Godsell, both of West Hill, who beat I. E. Hargreave and J. R. Sayers in the foursomes by two and one

R. F. Brown and R. D. Knox (Oxford), foursome partners who were beaten, but were winners of both their singles matches

Above: J. R. Sayers and I. E. Hargreave (Oxford), partners in the foursomes, were beaten two and one, but they succeeded in winning both their singles

G. D. Roberts and F. E. B. Moritz, one of the pairs who played successfully for West Hill in the foursomes, winning by one hole

Above: Major A. Gordon Barry and Captain G. A. Moxon, West Hill's third pair in the foursomes, winning by five and four

Left: H. J. T. Neilson (West Hill) and R. G. de Quincy (Oxford). The latter won his single against J. F. Jackson by a comfortable three and two

A. G. N. Robinson and N. S. Mitchell-Innes, one of the Oxford pairs. The former beat F. G. Mirfield and the latter H. J. T. Neilson in singles

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

TAKE no notice of those who state, "upon the highest authority," that Rugby football relations between France and the Home Unions are to be resumed immediately. This persistent rumour—it appeared beneath splash head-lines in a national newspaper the other day—is untrue. It is a canard, an attempt to take time by an extremely lengthy forelock.

I must apologise to you, my patient readers, for returning to the subject, but so firmly did this national newspaper make its statement that I went myself to "the highest authority," and was told, for my pains, that it was all nonsense.

The facts are these. Next Friday, on the eve of the match between Wales and Scotland, in Edinburgh, the venerable members of the International Board meet in solemn conclave. They will consider reports from two of their members who have visited France. They will prepare their own report, and pass it to the various Unions, who will decide upon their course of action. I may guess, I think, that it will be a cautious report; I may suggest, further, that Wales, from the financial point of view, are anxious to bring France back into the fold. I may repeat what I said in these columns months ago, that if Wales insist upon playing France, they will have to reckon with possible ostracism by the other Home Unions. And that is all there is to it.

Incidentally, W. W. Wakefield, who was erroneously reported by a French newspaper as saying that England would certainly play France next year, told me with considerable heat the other day that not only did he say no such thing, but he was not—and has not been for months—in Paris, where the interview was alleged to have taken place.

In the meanwhile, the Frenchmen are watching the situation pretty closely. When I was down at Cardiff, ten days ago, I saw a representative of *L'Auto* there, and it is obvious that the match between Wales and England was not his only reason for making the long journey from Paris.

THE New Zealanders, who are coming over here next year, have applied to the International Board for permission to play some matches in France on their way home. This seems a little tactless of them, to my way of thinking, for it places the Board in a rather awkward position. Still, the issue is clear-cut: if relations have not been resumed by 1935, it will obviously be impossible to allow New Zealand to play against French teams. As for the threat that if we do not extend the hand of friendship to France, the Rugby League will step in, that seems hardly a threat at all to me. It would be the happiest solution, for Rugby League football is a fine game, and possibly it is more suited to the French temperament.

Famous Stroke Coaching the Cambridge Crew

The Cambridge crew are now training very seriously on the Cam for the forthcoming Boat Race. T. A. Brocklebank giving expert advice to H. Wilson in the tub on the Cam

SWITCHING now to a game where international controversies are less frequent, what a rumpus Walter Lindrum has caused in the billiards world by his refusal to defend his professional championship in England, or even to relinquish the Cup, since he does not propose to make the journey himself. I must admit

The Essex Professionals G. U. beat a Team of Essex Secretaries and

E. Hodson (Essex Champion) and J. Murray Brown (Secretary, Frinton)

F. Durham senr. (Captain, Warren) and A. Tingey junr., Frinton pro.

J. F. Platt, the Captain of Bowers Gifford G.C.

Wales Conquered at Cardiff by England

England beat Wales by 9 points to nil at Cardiff, and the picture shows a Welsh player forced into touch. Above, left, A. L. Warr is scoring England's second try

W. H. Rowley, the Secretary to the Orsett G.C.

I. V. Coote, Captain of the West Essex G.C.

Captains at Orsett

that my sympathies are with Lindrum. When the event was started in 1870, it was called, and still is called, the Professional Championship of English Billiards. It is, that is to say, not a national championship, but an event which decides who is to be termed the best player in the world of the type of billiards played in England.

There are, I know, various conditions laid down by the Billiards Association and Control Council, but the common-sense solution of the problem is to say that the Championship should be played in the country where the holder has his domicile, unless some other arrangement, mutually satisfactory to the players, is made. Anyway, the event will, in all probability, take place in Australia this year, with Joe Davis and Clarke McConachy challenging the great Lindrum. This would please the Australians greatly, and I cannot see that we in England have any right to complain.

TURNING again to more turbulent matters, I hope you are looking forward to the fight between Len Harvey and Larry Gains, at the Albert Hall, on February 8th.

I can't say that I am particularly : if Harvey wins, it will mean that Gains is even more of a veteran than we had thought, whereas, if Gains wins, the obvious will have happened. Gains is a really clever negro ; he is 3 stones heavier than Harvey ; he has several inches longer reach ; he can hit hard enough to put Harvey to sleep ; he has vast experience and a desire to win.

On paper, then, Harvey hasn't a chance, for all his cleverness and knowledge of the close stuff, and whatever happens, I shall expect a rather colourless affair.

Bright and EARLIER

- **Starting with next week's issue, "The Bystander" will be published one day EARLIER — namely, on TUESDAY morning instead of Wednesday.**
- **Please make a note of TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6th — we shall be on sale *everywhere* on that day and every subsequent Tuesday.**

FINALLY, what about the Boat Race? Already we are consulting the experts rather anxiously, hoping to hear them say that at last an Oxford victory is possible. I must admit they're not as pessimistic as usual. They tell me that Oxford are shaping excellently, and that they are a really hard-working crew. I ventured to say as much to a Cambridge expert, and he said, "Yes, I know, Oxford are coming along all right." But he was rather non-committal, so I pressed him further. "Well," he said, "I'm afraid, you know, that Cambridge will have the best crew for years." There you are—when Oxford have a crew good enough to win the race nine times out of ten, Cambridge produce the crew which makes it the tenth time.

I gather that the Cambridge boat is running smooth and far between the strokes, and that the Pembroke men at 5, 6 and 7 are largely responsible for this. An extraordinary College, Pembroke—when I was at the older University there were actually twenty-two lads at Pembroke, all in residence together, who had at one time or another played Rugby football for Cambridge. I can't remember how many of them were Blues, but some of them didn't get even their College colours, and that strikes me as a bit tough !

Tunbridge

Mrs. Frank Strawson

A new studio portrait of this well-known and attractive squash rackets player, who has also made a name for herself at lawn tennis

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

A FORTNIGHT ago Henry Longhurst wrote a spirited article in the *Evening Standard* on the subject of the English Golf Union. He followed this up a week later with a further article, not confined entirely to criticism of the English Golf Union, but dealing generally with the subject of the Standard Scratch Scores and the responsibility for this ridiculous innovation. He said, as far as I can remember, that although a uniform system of handicapping might be the ideal, yet it was very much not worth the trouble, and that the English Golf Union's efforts in this direction by means of the Standard Scratch Score scheme had resulted in nothing but chaos.

Henry Longhurst is perfectly right in everything that he said, and the question which he asked of his readers was very much to the point. It was merely this: How often do the majority of them require any form of uniform handicapping? In other words, how many open tournaments at clubs other than their own do they enter for during a year?

There is, of course—and, unfortunately, there always will be—that type of individual known generally as a pot-hunter, who is never so happy as when he is adding trophies to his already sufficiently hideous sideboard. But these are not the sort of people with whom Henry or I or anybody who plays the game for fun wishes to associate over-much. And they are certainly not a large enough section of the golfing community to matter in the least. As I have previously frequently stated in these columns, the man whose liberty must be safeguarded at all costs is the man who is the backbone of all the golf clubs in this country—and he is the man with a long handicap. His chief enemy, if only he could be made to realise it, is the English Golf Union, which has done nothing so far in its short existence but interfere with his liberty.

The E.G.U. Again

I NOTICE in Henry Longhurst's recent article that he referred to the number of letters which he received congratulating him on the strength of his article, and also on the sentiments which he expressed. I also have had the same experience. When the English Golf Union was sufficiently ill-advised to reply to an article of mine—a thing which, I understand, they have expressed a firm desire never to do again—I dealt with their letter over a period of a fortnight, and was simply amazed at the number of letters which I received supporting my views and urging me to further efforts. These must have numbered very nearly a hundred, and are still coming in, and there wasn't a single one which told me that I was wrong or which disagreed with me in any respect. The same seems now to be happening to Henry Longhurst, whose co-operation in the battle I heartily welcome.

Now when one is dealing very forcibly with something which one may think a blot on the golfing horizon, it is, in my experience, unique to find that all those readers who bother to write letters to people whose articles they may have read, are of one opinion; and, of course, it is very encouraging to the writer concerned. But it seems to me to open up a rather peculiar train of thought if, as one has every reason to suppose, Henry Longhurst and I are right and the English Golf Union is wrong; that is, that golf clubs continue meekly to sit down under the English Golf Union, to become affiliated to that body, and to pay the necessary subscription for affiliation. If the golf clubs of this country would quietly withdraw their affiliation and refuse to pay any further subscriptions, the English Golf Union would of necessity cease to exist, and all those people who come to me when they see me and tell me to continue in my good work, and who write to me and to Henry Longhurst, would get their wish.

I THINK it is very odd that they don't raise this matter at the various committee meetings of their clubs and take a vote to see whether they wish to continue to be affiliated to the English Golf Union or not. It seems to me that the man to whom I have referred previously as the backbone of golf is a very meek individual, quite content to be "put upon," and suffering from that same form of inferiority complex with regard to the rulers of golf as he undoubtedly is with regard to the star players of his club. I have frequently heard it said by a bad player, when he was actually looking for a game and found that the only available person wanting a match was a scratch golfer, that he would rather not play at all than play with him, because the scratch golfer was much too good, he would frighten him out of his life . . . and so forth. Apparently, it would also frighten this type of individual to get up on his hind legs and say quite definitely that he did not wish his club to be affiliated any more to the English Golf Union. I hope that I am wrong, for any form of inferiority complex is a thing which should be stamped out firmly and irrevocably.

FINALLY, I would like to say that in last year's Amateur Championship I happened to meet an official of the Union in the first round. I had just before written one or two articles expressing my views on the English Golf Union, and it was as early as walking down the second fairway that he tackled me on the subject. He asked me why I was so violent on the matter and whether I had any personal individual dislike. I was able to assure him on that point without any hesitation whatsoever. There are men on the Executive of the English Golf Union who are personal friends of mine. I have nothing against the English Golf Union as individuals, except that I entirely and absolutely disagree with their point of view. It is time, I feel, that I should make this very clear, for I propose to return to my attack at the first available opportunity, and to be just as ruthless as I have been in the past. Personal friendship has nothing to do with the matter: you can think a man stark, staring mad or just a quiet lunatic and still like him. I have before now been friends with men who harboured bees in their bonnets . . . but I always try to extract the bee.

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy: 1934

Holder: L. B. Sanderson (Naim)

The date of "The Bystander's" Open Meeting under Handicap has been definitely fixed for

April 7th and 8th.

Further details will be announced shortly.

Cambridge beat St. George's Hill

H. C. Neilson (left), who partnered his Captain, G. R. A. Jamieson (right) in the Foursomes for Cambridge. They lost by 3 and 2

J. S. L. Lyon, of Cambridge, who won his single against A. Rowarth by 6 and 5. He won his foursome with P. W. Marsham

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GUINNESS and Oysters

G.E 390a

The Lady Bridget Parsons

Lady Bridget Parsons is the only sister of the Earl of Rosse; she is a year his junior, and three years older than her other brother, the Hon. Desmond Parsons. Her father, the late Lord Rosse, was in the Irish Guards and was killed in the war; her mother is now Viscountess de Vesci. Her brother's place is Birr Castle, in King's County. Lady Bridget Parsons, tall, slight and fair, is very good-looking; she likes travelling and living in the country as well as doing the usual round in London

Photographs by Hay Wrightson

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" **Caricatures by "Jonk"**

DOLLAR depreciation continues to do the gold markets a good turn, and shares in both the West African and South African sections go booming merrily upwards. "Sol" Lazarus, who is one of the Napoleons of the Kaffir Market, and also a member of the Committee, is off to South Africa to see where the yellow stuff comes from. Not long ago he fell, and fractured a bone in his ankle; he was badly shaken, and, needing a holiday to complete his convalescence, has started for that Mecca of gold jobbers en vacances. It is a firm habit of these dealers to go out, when they can spare the time, to see the actual workings, and discover as eye-witnesses what the technical expressions of the trade mean. "Sol" Lazarus is, as a Napoleon must be, extremely able. His hobbies are business, golf, and his grandchildren.

ANOTHER member who has gone to South Africa is Charles Montefiore, who sailed in the Carnarvon Castle, in which Prince George is travelling. He is a well-known and popular figure in the gilt-edged market, handles a very large amount of business, and is also most able. He smokes innumerable cigars, dresses badly, always seems to be in a hurry, and rushes ruthlessly through the market; is one of the most generous of men. One of his best-loved spare-time occupations is fishing, both in England and Scotland; he goes to the Dee most years for the salmon-fishing.

G. P. Philcox

A THIRD traveller from the House is Harry Coventry, who is away on the Laconia, bound for the West Indies, Panama, and West Africa. He is a son of that grand old sportsman, the ninth Earl of Coventry, who died four years ago, and he has inherited all his family's passion for every kind of sport, and for country life and pursuits in general. He twice played cricket for Eton, and was Joint-Master of the Croome Hunt for many years. He is now among the racehorse-owning confraternity of the House; his four-year-old Free Shadow was running at Newbury the other day, but failed to get a place.

"Sol" Lazarus

THE Newbury Meeting wasn't a lucky one for the House, although the latter was well represented in the Sefton Steeplechase on the first day. Jack Russell had Latest Joke running, George Henderson had Sea Rover out, and "Pills" Holloway's Angel Pavement was competing, with Edward Paget up. Latest Joke and Angel Pavement fell, and none of them got into the first three. Edward Paget, the House's star performer in the saddle, has been very unlucky lately; we wish him a change of fortune before the season is much older.

A MUCH better show was made by Stock Exchange golfers in the President's Putter matches at Rye, which shows that even a gale of wind can't disturb brokers and jobbers when they're concentrating. Congratulations to D. H. R. Martin, who won the thing, also to semi-finalist T. P. Whitaker, and to Roger Wethered, who beat Bernard Darwin in the third round, and was then knocked out in the fourth.

Harry Coventry

THE third portrait in our gallery this week is of another of the leading dealers in the Kaffir Market—G. E. Philcox. He is a large man, with a heart that matches his frame in size. He is never seen without a button-hole; he grows them all himself at Stone Court, his place at Staplefield, in Sussex. He knows more about his flowers than his gardeners, and since Stone Court is a place of which all knowledgeable horticulturists have heard, or have seen, that is saying a good deal.

THE settling-room, recently the rehearsal-ground of the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society—whose concert, by the way, was a great success, as usual—is soon to be put to a new use. On and from February 22nd, it will be open from 11.15 to 12.15 each day for receiving and handing-out difference cheques. This will be a great relief to the junior clerks, who have in the past worn out much shoe-leather in going round and collecting odd, small amounts. As little as sixpence has been known to have been collected from a firm. The institution of this internal clearing-house is largely the result of agitation on the part of the younger members of the Committee. As the scheme is a voluntary one, that body is anxious that as many firms as possible should join in, in order to ensure its success. We wonder if the triangular badges issued to firms to enable them to send clerks to collect cheques who have not already right of entry to the House, will ever cause their wearers to be mistaken for members of the Y.M.C.A., or the Safety-First League.

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

An Enchanting Coquette: By A. G. Macdonell

It is very seldom that we reviewers lose our heads about a book, unless we are very highly paid to do so, or unless we have written the book ourselves under another name, but I freely confess that I have been completely bowled over by *A Warning to Wantons*, by Miss Mary Mitchell (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is the story of a modern, up-to-date Becky Sharp. The character of the wanton is lifted straight from Thackeray, with a touch of Anita Loos thrown in. The scene is laid almost entirely in a wild district of a wild eastern-European country. The story is absurdly improbable. The dominant note is a note of artificiality. The conversations are invariably in such language as only Walter Pater would have used in talking to Matthew Arnold. And yet, in spite of all these defects, *A Warning to Wantons* is an utterly enchanting and delicious story, told with a subtle mastery over fine shades and over the language in which to express fine shades. The characters are drawn with a complete firmness of outline. There is not a single shadow in the whole long book. Each one is alive, real, understandable. The glorious old connoisseur of life, savouring each experience as if it was an old wine, is a character that will live as long as the wanton herself. His solid, stupid son, his terrible daughter-in-law, with her one idea in life and her ruthless, implacable determination to carry out that one idea, his old steward, his vague sister, all are drawn with a strong, firm pencil. And the wanton herself—what a little beast! What a callous, selfish, cruel little devil! But how terribly, fatally attractive. No wonder Count Max lost his head about her, when a hardened reviewer would not guarantee to act otherwise than Count Max. And what an indomitable courage the little brute had! She had the courage of the tumbrils. She was the aristocrat whom nothing, however terrible, could defeat. And the revenge which Count Max's fearsome bride-elect took upon the wicked little butterfly was an appallingly terrible one. But even that revenge could not defeat the coquette. She accepted her defeat as a part of the game, and when she was rescued, after a horrible year, she began her old games exactly where she had left off. The final fate of Renée is the dramatic part of the book, and I suppose it was inevitable. But it made me sad, just as it made old Count Anton sad. It was inevitable, and yet one could not help feeling, as one laid down the book, "What a waste."

What a sinful waste that a girl who could understand everything, who could talk the subtle talk and follow the sophisticated twists and turns of a Count Anton, should go off to end her youth and her age in the arms of an illiterate peasant. But what else could she have done? Lived with Count Anton at a villa on the Riviera until he was dead, and her youth was dead? Married a banker? Become the mistress of an Argentine? No. Impossible. The only possibility was to return to her peasant, and yet as Gaffer Wordsworth observed in one of his more lucid moments.

> Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
> Of that which once was Great has passed away,

I understand that this is Miss Mitchell's first novel. If that is the case, a star of magnitude has appeared. For *A Warning to Wantons* is the most beautiful, witty, and dramatic book that I have read for years, and I hope it will sell in thousands and thousands.

Mary Mitchell

Author of "A Warning to Wantons," a brilliant novel which is reviewed by A. G. Macdonell on this page

There can be few journalists who know their Europe as intimately and as accurately as Mr. Ferdinand Tuohy. He himself, in his new book, *Craziways Europe* (Hamilton; 12*s.* 6*d.*), says that he has known five separate Europes since he first saw the harbour of St. Malo in 1898. There was the easy, calm Europe between that year and the beginning of the Naval Race in 1905. Then there were the frantic war preparations. Then the war itself. Then the chaos of post-war Europe, and now the preparations for the new chaos. During the last year Mr. Tuohy has crossed thirty frontiers in his motor-car, while acting as the special correspondent of two London journals, and so it may fairly reasonably be said that he has seen a good deal of this unhappy continent. The result of his travels and of his observations make very gloomy reading, but at the same time, very fascinating reading. For he is, above all things, a descriptive journalist of the same calibre as the famous William Bolitho, and he writes with the same energy and almost the same vivid phraseology. In Germany he has watched the lorry-loads of storm-troopers coming home at four in the morning, shouting and waving and Heil-Hitlering from their nightly beat-up of Jews and Communists. In Schleswig he has talked to German pastors who were frankly looking forward to the day when Nazidom should be extended into Denmark. In Le Creusot he heard the terrific din of the giant 3000 horse-power motor that is the pride of the great Schneider munition factory. And he has studied as near at first-hand as possible the appalling conditions among convicts whom the Fascist régime has planted upon the Lipari Islands. Mr. Tuohy is convinced that one of the danger spots for Europe lies in Africa, where France and Italy gaze furiously at each other across the sands of Tunisia. Italy longs for ground in which to expand her growing population; France longs for African recruits to bolster up her diminishing population.

There does not seem to be a corner of Europe upon which he is not an expert, Malta, Lichtenstein, San Marino, Bosnia, Burgenland—he is at home in them all, and just as he is intimate with the problems of the peasants in distant provinces, so he seems to be intimate with the underworld of the central European capitals. There is a particularly interesting chapter on a subject which many people in this country have felt vaguely uneasy about during the last few years, and that is the recurrent murdering of British subjects in France. The French police are probably the most efficient and intelligent police in the world, and yet during the last eight years seven British subjects for certain, and possibly as many as thirteen, have been murdered in France, and the only sentence that has been passed was one of two years, and even in that case the convicted man was soon released. It would appear that in every single case the French police have done everything in their power to block and obstruct the course of justice, the worst case of all being the murder of Miss Bransom at Les Baux, in Provence.

Mr. Tuohy's book is extraordinarily interesting. It also contains the most remarkable misprint that it has ever been my good fortune to see. For he spells Passchendaele, that famous ridge of death, as Passion Dale.

Mr. Thornton Wilder, in his unique, entrancing, poetical *Bridge of San Luis Rey*, invented a technique of novel-writing which has been a god-send to the slipshod. Mr. Wilder, being a great man, could bring it off, once. His imitators, not being at all great, fail most dismally. Roughly speaking, the technique consists of taking a handful of men and women who have been brought together by pure chance and then writing the story of their lives. Recently Lady Eleanor Smith took a handful of people whose only connecting-link was that they bought Christmas-trees in the same shop. Now comes Miss Norah James with the lives of seven people who have travelled in the same compartment of the train from Edgware to the Elephant and Castle. *Strap-hangers* (Duckworth; 7*s.* 6*d.*) cannot be called a novel—it is a collection of short stories about the ordinary lives of ordinary people. There are two girl clerks and a charwoman, and an art student, and so on. Each episode is quite well written and one or two of the descriptions are very good, but on the whole the book is pitched in so low a key that I find it difficult to enthuse about it.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Paul Tanqueray

MISS KAY HAMMOND, Lady Standing's talented daughter, wears in the photograph above an ice-blue wool dress from Matita. It is pin-tucked all over and has a brown leather belt and large wooden buttons. On the left she is seen in a grey woollen dress which has chromium buttons up the front and a three-quarter length coat of a lighter shade of striped grey. The scarf is of red and white paisley silk. This is also one of the new Matita spring models. The gloves and spectator-sports hand-bag of grey tweed with the silver handle come from Harvey Nichols

ACCESSORIES FOR AN EARLY SPRING WARDROBE

SHER

IN the centre above is a new handbag of box calf which has a broad base, a rounded top and a zip fastener. It can be obtained in several colours and is very capacious

ON the left is a hat from Patou which can be obtained in black straw or satin. It has a square brim in front and is trimmed with tufts of red and yellow feather fantaisies

ON the right is an evening bag made of pale pink velvet. It is mounted on a very lovely pearl frame and can be obtained to order in other colours. Although small it holds a great deal

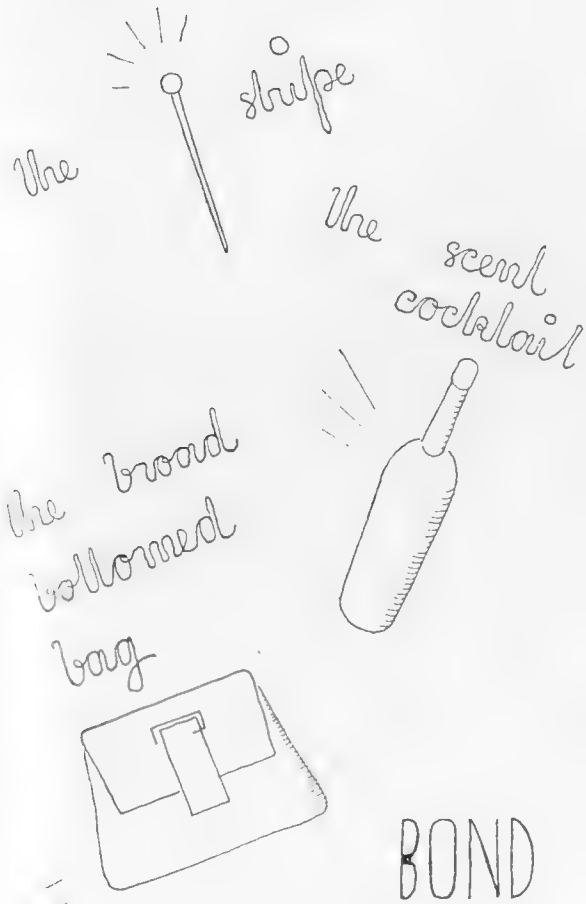
FOR evening wear Patou designed these charming gloves of fine kid in pastel shades with rather long gauntlets fastened with diamond buttons. In pale blue or flesh

MATCHING gloves and bag are smart, particularly when they are made of black wool crêpe and the palms of the gloves are of suède. In black, green or brown

AN extremely chic cigarette case of black antelope has silver initials in a modern design on it. This is really a luxury case and is most beautifully made

THE upturned sailor hat in felt is a good choice for spring wear. Rose Descat designed this one in beige with semi-circular creases in the crown and a coloured feather mount

The accessories on this page may be obtained from Harvey Nichols



new up-turned belt by Reboux

BOND STREET and Thereabouts

by MADGE GARLAND

The pin stripe

This, as the old-fashioned psycho-analysts would say, is going to condition our wardrobes in the spring. Rodier has made a series of enchanting ones: scarlet or navy on a white wool ground, or multi-coloured on a white linen ground. Jaeger's have got a whole range of delicious garments in pin-striped jersey. Sporting shirt blouses with turn-over collars and short sleeves to wear with grey flannel shorts or skirts; pull-overs with new high necks tied in a bow at the back and with short raglan sleeves; smartly-cut cardigans to complete sports costumes, and even whole beach pyjamas made of pin-striped woollen material cut on the lines of men's sleeping suits and unexpectedly dashing. Worth uses pin-striped jersey materials in such half-tones as green and grey for two-piece spectator sports suits; Molyneux uses blue and white pin-striped organdie for an evening gown which has a high neckline, frilled sleeves and an emerald-green sash.

The scent cocktail

A tiny shop has opened in which a cocktail-bar is installed with rows and rows of bottles filled with vivid and curious colours. Here you buy any perfume you want by the ounce; each is labelled by a cocktail number and is measured out into a tiny replica of a Vermouth bottle. No packing, no duty, no extra over-head expenses and therefore moderate prices.

The broad bottomed bag

This is one of the most useful designs we 've had for a long time. Marjorie Castle in Berkeley Square has a charming one, it looks like a flat envelope but has an inch-and-a-half wide base and is deceptively capacious. It was fastened by a tongue slipped through a gold slide and was made in black slipper satin but could be obtained in any colour. There is another bag with a broad base on the opposite page which is made of velvet and has an elaborate pearl frame (this comes from Harvey Nichols), and several of leather with zip fasteners, rather like the original Hermès bag which made such a sensation when it appeared ten years ago, are to be seen again. An excellent travelling companion in large sizes and in a moderate size, like that on the top of the opposite page, very smart for everyday town use.

Janet Jevons

MRS. WILLIAM OGDEN

A new portrait of the good-looking wife of Captain William Ogden. The Ogdens have a house in Hertfordshire — the Grange, Harpenden — as well as a charming flat in London. Mrs. Ogden's son by her first marriage, Mr. "Bill" van Namen, who was captain of the Harrow football team, announced his engagement to Miss Daisy Horne just before Christmas

"The Bystander" on the Riviera

Gossip from the Côte d'Azur

Right: the Hon. Evelyn Fitzgerald, the Hon. Lionel Montagu, the well-known breeder and owner of racehorses, and Mr. Frank Hartigan, also well-known in the racing world, enjoying the sunshine on the terrace at Monte Carlo

Below: the harbour of Monaco, with Monte Carlo Casino on the right, photographed on the night of the National Fête festivities

The Twinkling Lights of Monaco

Sur les Terrasses

"GALAS, galas every day," might well be the present Monte Carlo motto. The Sporting Club has two galas a week; the Hotel de Paris still sticks to its famous Sunday night gala dinner; while the Hotel Metropole has had its popular Restaurant des Ambassadeurs beautifully redecorated and flung its first gala the other night. There's no question in the Principality of one restaurant cutting out another. Dates never clash, and they're all full—which, in these days of the revoltingly low value of the pound, seems little short of a miracle. At the moment, among the revolving population are Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, Princess Obrobour, Sir George and Lady Ida Sitwell, Lord and Lady Furness; while Dr. Wellington Koo, the most popular Chinese Minister in Paris, is entertaining with vigour. Sir Basil Zaharoff is at the Hotel de Paris, still surrounding himself with his favourite atmosphere of impenetrable mystery; he and Mr. Montagu Norman should have been great boy friends. When Mrs. Alec Tweedie—en route for a world tour on the Empress of Britain—lunched with him the other day, she was conducted to his suite by a side entrance, through mysterious passages, even having to sail through one of the hotel kitchens. The pretty lady of the numerous co-respondents, who, I hear, acquired one or two while hunting, was in the Paris bar the other day—her marvellous hair flashing in the sunlight, and one of those winsome smiles which would put the showiest show-girl to shame.

The English players had a great success at Monte Carlo last week, when they presented a creation of St. John Ervine's, *Anthony and Anna*. The Opera House was packed, for they are a very popular company, ably led by Edward Stirling, a great favourite on the Riviera, for whom many cocktail-parties were given. The play is light, possessing many witty lines which were much appreciated by the audience, although, personally, I think this company are at their best in a good thriller, such as *Ten-Minute Alibi*, which they gave most successfully at Cannes the other night. Another much-loved entertainer who is down here is Jack Hylton with his "Boys." They're playing all along the Riviera, from Cannes to Mentone, and should be making pots of money, for they get a full house wherever they go—deservedly, too, for every member of the orchestra is either an A1 musician or a real humorist, and it will be many moons before I forget a small, fat man who performs the strangest feats with a variety of musical instruments.

MOST of the entertaining at Mentone centres round the two excellent bridge clubs, the Anglo-American and the New Club, although a most successful ball has just been given at that delightful hotel, the Imperial. It was in honour of the winter colony and presided over by Lady Wills and Mrs. Weston Webb; I hear the fun was fast and furious. Both the bridge clubs specialise in big cocktail-parties: consequently their bars are beyond reproach; while the Anglo-American has already flung some very good small dances. To live in Mentone, therefore, it is not essential to be one of those inhuman horrors, a bridge fiend, as I am sure Sybil Hare (more appropriately known as the "Electric Hare") and her small covey of sisters would admit. En masse they are guaranteed to make any party.

AS for Nice, it appears to be a teeming mass of happy sun-worshippers, and there seemed hardly to be standing-room on the racecourse for the Grand Prix. The language of the majority of backers was, however, anything but sabbatical when a complete outsider, Lord Byron, romped home laughing over his shoulder at the favourites in the big race of the day. The same evening there was a huge Grand Prix Gala at the Casino Municipal, which is fast becoming the smartest and most entertaining evening rendezvous in Nice. The thés-dansants at the Negresco Hotel are also a huge draw, for, as an added attraction, there is a tombola every day, the winner of which acquires some portion of a feminine wardrobe—one day a dress, next a hat, then silk stockings. Whether at the end of the week there is a tombola "for men only," with the unadorned lady as prize, I do not know. The Nice golf-course is going strong. Somerset Maugham was playing with Captain Harwood the other day. The golf, I hear, was negligible, but the theatrical conversation must have been tremendously interesting. Other devotees of the game are the Francis Francises (a difficult-looking name). She is much better-known as "Sunny" Jarman. I don't know whether he minded giving up a Guard's commission on his marriage, but as he has a magnificent drive, two aeroplanes, a vivid yellow Rolls-Royce, and a baby, he shouldn't have time to miss it.

AS for Cannes, the Casino had its most successful gala of the season on Saturday. The amazing jam reminded one of the Embassy Club, London, on extension nights during the season. The reason for this quite exceptional crush being the fact that Jack Hylton and his orchestra were playing for dinner and dancing. "Thank goodness," exclaimed the chief maître d'hôtel. "we've taken 100,000 francs on the dinners; we need all we can get to pay the band!" Among the almost impenetrable crowd that swarmed into the gambling-rooms after dinner were Prince and Princess Genaro de Bourbon, Lord and Lady Weir, Lord and Lady Furness, Lady Seafield and husband, Sir Duncan Orr Lewis, etc., ad infinitum.

Monday luncheons at Mougin's Club are going stronger than ever now that they are graced by the presence of Lord and Lady Derby; while in a few days polo at Mandelieu will be in full swing, the most important string of ponies being sixteen beauties brought over by Mr. W. Balding.

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

International Matters

Above: Mr. de Lissa, the Richmond Athletic Ground Secretary. Right: C. R. Hopwood, unable to play for Richmond against Cambridge through indisposition

THE international season started badly with the match in which England beat Wales at Cardiff ten days ago. There was something rather pathetic about that match: it is always depressing, I suppose, to see a great occasion dwindling to mediocrity.

We had heard so much, though, about this young Welsh side, and everywhere we went during the morning at Cardiff, there was a cheerful stir of optimism. Wales were coming back: the afternoon would see the beginning of a revival of Welsh Rugby football. At Cardiff Arms Park, too, the setting was magnificent—there was the new north stand, and there was the real Welsh crowd, singing, shouting, full of enthusiasm, the sort of crowd which roared a welcome to Teddy Morgan and Gwyn Nicholls and Arthur Gould. Very inspiring it was, but unfortunately this preliminary excitement made the anti-climax all the more acute. They know their football, these Welshmen, and as it became more evident every minute that the Welsh forwards were beaten, the enthusiasm died.

How the Welsh Selectors came to pick so ill-assorted a collection of forwards, passes understanding. Their scrummaging was grotesquely incompetent, and the English pack was thereby flattered unduly. No one would have minded, least of all the Welsh crowd, if Wales had played worthy football, only to be beaten by a better side. It was the fact that Wales failed because unwise selection gave them no chance which made their defeat so tragic. I felt, as the farce unfolded itself before us, that this was a sad blow to the popularity of Rugby football in Wales.

POSSIBLY I was unduly pessimistic, and I hope sincerely that Wales will refute all pessimists, myself included, when they meet Scotland at Murrayfield next Saturday. There is good stuff in that Welsh side: Cowey and Rees-Jones, on the wings, are fine, determined players; Idwal Rees is a grand centre; Davey is showing plenty of fire, and Cliff Jones, at stand-off half, is only waiting for the chance to prove his brilliance. It is ridiculous to suggest that Wales cannot produce eight sound scrummaging forwards. They will have to do away with their wingers and their outside men in the front row; they have a forward who cannot control his temper and should never be played in a representative side, or in any side, for that matter. Still, there are plenty of fine, vigorous forwards in Wales, and with judicious blending it may be that Scotland will be surprised.

Above: R. H. O'Brien, the Richmond linesman. Right: H. L. V. Day, the old International of the Army and Leicester, the referee

Personalities at the Richmond Athletic Ground

I IMAGINE that Scotland will take the field on Saturday with high hopes of success. They had their wise men making observations at Cardiff, and happy observations they must have been. Mind you, the Scottish forwards have by no means pleased the shrewd critics: the front row is not all that it should be, and the scrummaging in the trials has been indifferent. For all that, I like the look of this Scottish side. Logan and Jackson, they tell me, are playing extremely well at half-back, though Jackson has fallen into the habit of passing before he has drawn his man. Then Dick and Lind are a powerful pair of centres, and Shaw, on the wing, has pace and thrust. We shall inevitably expect Scotland to win, and it may be that the deciding game in the International Championship this year will be the Calcutta Cup match.

THE English Selectors were reasonably satisfied after the affair at Cardiff. Their gambles—inevitable gambles with so many men injured or ill—had come off, and England should settle down into a useful and reliable side. Young Wright, of the Metropolitan Police, showed fine spirit, and the more the Welsh forwards mixed it, the better he seemed to like it. He is not a second-row forward, though, and I should prefer to see him come into the back row instead of Fry, whose roving tendencies are becoming rather too marked. The forward discovery of the year, to my mind, is Dicks, of Northampton, a strong second-row man who does his stuff in tight and loose most effectively. When Kendrew and Webb return to this England pack, we should at least hold our own forward against all comers.

Gadney is a grand scrum-half, too, and a cheerful, intelligent captain. He gave Elliot some perfect passes, though Elliot was in one of his less decisive moods.

I VERY much doubt whether the Selectors will make any changes behind the pack. Meikle was a real success: his speed off the mark, and his adaptability showed him to be just the sort of lively wing three-quarter we need, even if his studs were so long that he kicked the ground instead of the ball when he attempted to convert his tries. Warr also was a success. His defence is poor, simply because his conception of defence is to make a "bull-in-a-china-shop" rush at his opponent, who promptly side-steps him and slips away. This is simply inexperience, and in time Warr will learn to combine positional subtlety with the ferocious dash which makes him so splendidly formidable in attack. Possibly the Selectors will bring in Booth again for the Irish match, and Booth is a fine player, but Warr seems to me full of promise, and just the sort of youngster to be encouraged.

Cranmer has an old head on young shoulders, and I think we shall see him in the English side for many years to come. Gerrard is good enough, and Owen-Smith has made sure of his place for the rest of the season. Barring further injuries, I think this England team will do itself full justice.

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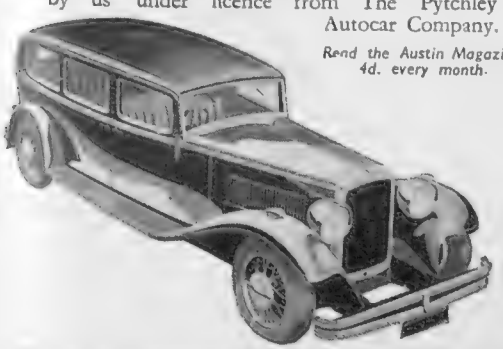

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Fly There and Save Time

By Charles Ward

Left: married couples' twin solos at Heston—Mr. H. N. T. Rankin and his wife, Lady Jean Rankin, who made their first solo flights simultaneously, each after six hours instruction, inspecting the old iron mug which must be signed by pupils after their first flight alone. Amongst the signatures is that of Lord Londonderry, Secretary of State for Air

Parachuting at Reading: Miss W. Langston, a member of the Club at Woodley Aerodrome, getting a few hints on how to pull the wire when making a drop. Experts declare that parachuting is a very pleasant sensation!

You Want Moths—We Have Them

BRIAN LEWIS, with whom is associated Gordon Selfridge junior, Christopher Clarkson, as general-manager-cum-chief-pilot, and "Bats" Page at Heston, certainly took on a good thing when he decided to sell the Moth. It started life as the first practical light aeroplane suitable for an owner-pilot, and has continued as the standard by which all other light aeroplanes are judged. Its success during the last few years has been due to a happy combination with the Gipsy engine, designed by Major F. B. Halford, who was responsible also for the Cirrus. The wooden Moth was produced afterwards in metal; then came the Puss Moth as the first cabin-de-luxe; now you can buy the Leopard, on which de H. himself won the King's Cup last year, or a Dragon, which can accommodate a normal family. The last word in Moths, so far unnamed, is a four-engined liner, ordered by Imperial Airways. Its engines are of the type known as the Gipsy Six, which has passed all tests with full marks.

An International Air-Race

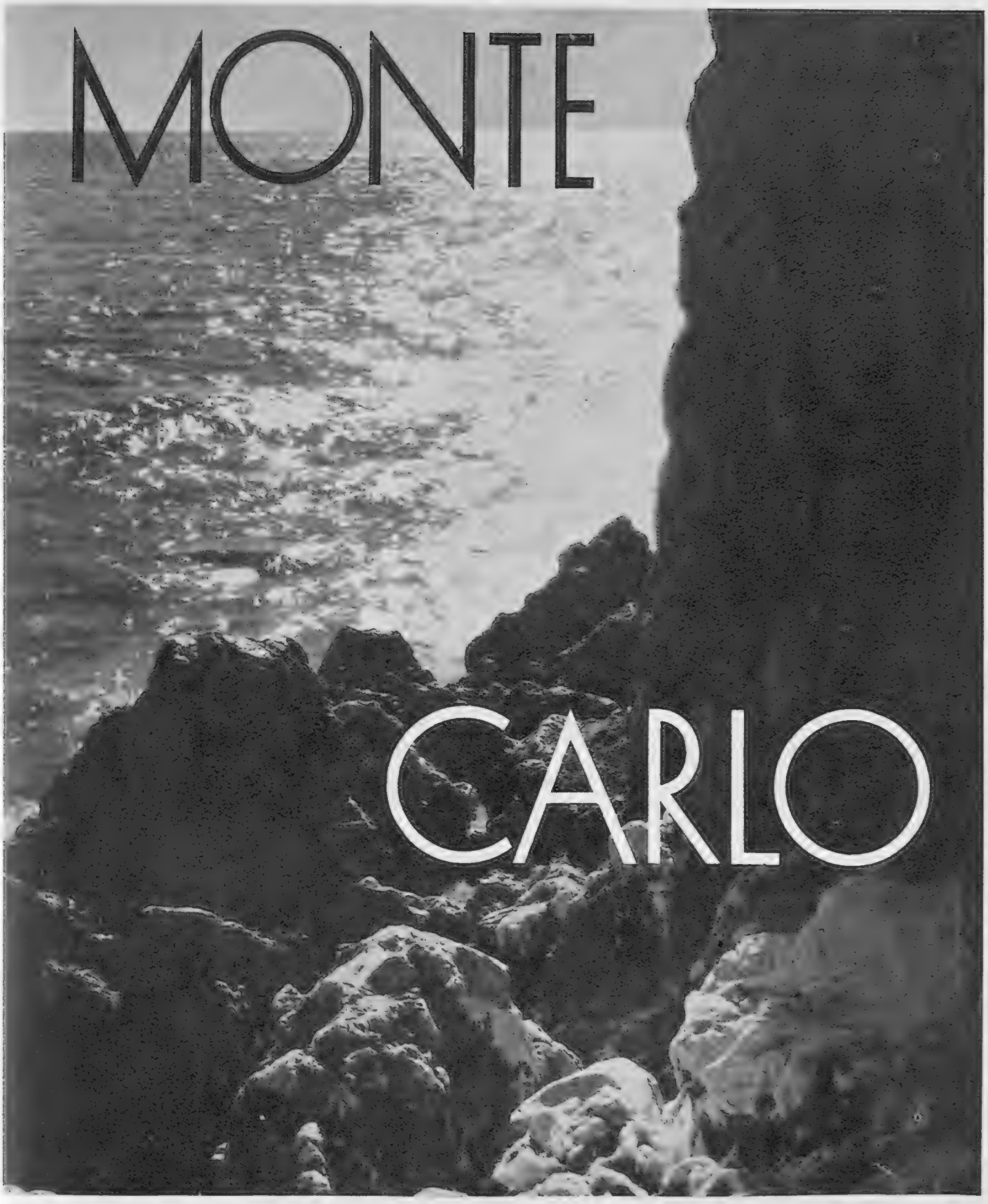
WHEN de Havillands decide to enter for a race, this means their machine stands an excellent chance of winning. The most important flying event of the year is the MacRobertson Trophy contest, to be decided in October. It is an international speed race from England to Australia, and the conditions allow any type of machine which carries a C. of A. from its country of origin. Entries are expected from America, the home of the fast monoplane, from France, Germany, Holland, Italy, and England. Neville Stack has ordered an Airspeed "Courier," the type chosen by Cobham and Helmore for their non-stop flight to Australia in the spring, which, incidentally, has nothing to do with the race. The de Havilland machine, offered at a price of £5000, to comply with all the regulations, and guaranteed a top speed of 200 miles an hour, has been ordered by Mollison and one other pilot to date. Knowing de H.'s reputation for carrying off the prizes, I would bet that if the best pilot is flying one of his machines, he will win. Judging by the records put up by the Dutch and French pilots over the route from Western Europe to the Far East during the last few weeks, any Britisher or American out to win needs to study the course with great care and to practise flying head in the bag for long periods of time.

India Takes to the Air

IN a country of vast distances, like India, flying has come as a godsend to travellers, especially as it takes place far above the heat and dust usually associated with a journey in a hot and dry climate. When writing of Charles Barnard's circus, which is now touring India, I conveyed the impression that very little had been done to make the Indian air-minded. I have been taken to task by Captain B. S. Leete, who instructs the Lucknow Branch of the United Provinces Flying Club, and I hasten to assure him that I realised the good work which the clubs have done for Indian aviation. Considering the enormous population of India, but a small fraction have taken the air, and therefore a tour such as that which Barnard is conducting at the present time, must be doing a lot of good. Air services for the business man have only just begun. The trans-continental route is part of the big scheme connecting India with Europe, Africa and the Far East. Internal routes are confined, at the moment, to a very efficient service run by Captain Neville Vintcent for Tata's, from the main line to Bombay and Madras; another, from Calcutta to Dacca, operated by Indian National Airways; and an air-taxi service, which plies between Calcutta and Madras. The first-named has achieved an unbroken record of regularity, for during 160,000 miles flown, no unscheduled landings were made on account of mechanical trouble. The Gipsy engines used flew roughly three times further between overhauls than a railway locomotive, and the company's engineering staff is one man for every 40,000 miles. Considering the nature of the route, over desert, swamp, mountain ranges 5000 feet high, and country which receives 20 feet of rain in a year, this is no small achievement.

Overheard in the Hangar

STAG LANE AERODROME, the birthplace of the Moth, is no more. No more what? No more use as an aerodrome, because it has been closed by order of the Air Council, than whom no higher authority exists. The de Havilland School has moved to Hatfield, and the factory will be transferred by easy stages. Aerodrome owners who are interested in flying, and not as speculators in land values, might well profit from the experience of the de Havilland, Company, which has been squeezed out of Stag Lane by the local builder. No aerodrome is safe unless its boundaries are protected in a town-planning scheme, which should specify that no artificial obstructions are erected to spoil the approaches from the air. The Helicopter and the Autogiro will have their place in air transport as vehicles for use in congested areas or hilly country, but the normal aeroplane will continue to need space, and no landing-ground of less than 100 acres will be of much use to a busy community. An alliance has been signed between air taximen and Press photographers. Captain Birkett sleeps beside a loud-speaker connected to his telephone, in order to hear the S.O.S. from Fleet Street, and with a pressman on the spot, no one is safe.



The waves lap against the rocks — a schooner drifts across the horizon — a cormorant cries—the light deepens and the air exhilarates like iced champagne. "Shall we go back?" But the day is not done .... Fourteen hundred francs up last night ....

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Women's Golf: *By Eleanor E. Helme*

Storms

DEAR BYSTANDER,

WITH the end of January comes the Agenda for the Ladies' Golf Union Annual Meeting, and a general calling of committees and cudgelling of brains as to what are the right and what are the wrong views over each item. It rather seems to me that what is interesting this year is not what is put on the Agenda, but what is left out. I mean this question of thunder, or, as the L.G.U. calls them, "lightning," storms. As a matter of fact, there is, of course, a real distinction, and I fully appreciate that there is a vast difference between a growl in the distance, from which it would obviously be absurd to run, and the sort of storm that we had in the Open at Portmarnock three years ago.

THIS is why it appears a disappointing agenda: in the autumn the L.G.U. looked really militant. They had established a precedent by arranging at Gleneagles to suspend play while, and if, a lightning storm raged, and they wished to make that precedent a principle, even at the point of a duel with the Royal and Ancient. Naturally, they wished to avoid that duel, and gently lead that august body into the way of framing a rule which should be binding on the whole community of golfers. But the R. and A. will not be led. More than that, they have strongly advised the L.G.U. to drop the principle and to be content with the very poor comfort of declaring a day's play null and void, if weather conditions should make that procedure appear advisable. Instead of sticking to their guns here and now with the resolution on the Agenda, and a determination to force the point to an issue, the L.G.U. have entered into further correspondence with the R. and A., and will then refer it back to their own Executive Council. In the meantime, the Annual Meeting will meet and will doubtless talk at great length on the subject when the report is read, but no formal resolution of operative power can be passed, because it has not been printed on the Agenda. The trouble is that No. 20 of the Rules of the Ladies' Golf Union lays down that "The Rules of the Game shall be those published by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews." The L.G.U. have had the courage to add to the R. and A.'s definition of an amateur a rider dealing with the amateur status of a school-mistress. I do not see, therefore, why they should not make a further departure over the latter question. Because, whatever professors may argue, golfers have been killed while playing their game. Therefore, if a player is obliged, under pain of disqualification, to continue her medal round, one can only assume that she does so at a certain amount of risk to life if a storm of sufficient severity happens to be raging. Of course, she is under no obligation, but there it is. She may be afraid of being branded a coward, or a fusser, if she gives up, and in the event of a qualifying round of a championship she forfeits her chance of qualifying and, therefore, of being champion. If the L.G.U. refuses to stand up to the R. and A. in this matter it does quite definitely run the risk of a competitor or a caddy being killed during one of the competitions for which they are responsible, and what the L.G.U. and the R. and A. would feel if this were to happen is not pleasant to contemplate.

I AM the last person to counsel insurrection, but there is a point when the courage of your own opinions becomes a necessity. I realise full well that there are difficulties to consider. A competition played at a small club, with not so much as a secretary at hand to decide whether the lightning storm is sufficient to merit discontinuing play or not, is the really perplexing factor in the case, but then that applies equally to declaring the course unplayable by reason of weather conditions. After all, would the world come to an end if somebody were luckier than another, or a medal competition at Little Puddleton-on-Mud were abandoned unnecessarily? Are such things to be considered rather than the interests—in fact, one may say the safety and the life—of a hundred or more competitors playing in a championship? Would it not be far better for all concerned if, in the event of a storm during a Championship qualifying round, the L.G.U. could suspend play until the storm was over, rather than declare the whole day's play null and void, when the hospitality of the entertaining club would have to be trespassed upon even further than it is already, by the granting of an extra day.

It will be very interesting to hear what people have to say at the dinner the night before, and at the Annual Meeting itself on February 7th. One does hope, if any of the Vice-Presidents of the L.G.U., who are also members of the R. and A., should be present, that delegates will not be too frightened to say all on the subject that should be said.

I hear that Miss Enid Wilson is coming to the dinner, and there is generally a representative Scottish contingent. Everybody enjoys the function; it is such good fun to meet everybody again after the dead season of the winter. Miss Kathleen Garnham will be an absentee, as she has just started for Florida.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

aston and Andrée. By Walter Bird.

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● well, frankly, I want a car to be smart and stay pretty clean. And I don't want to have to mess about under the bonnet every time I go out. Yes, I suppose I do like to be able to pass Mrs. T. in her so-called "sports." She glares so.

● speed and pep and plenty of safety. I like the black looks in my crush at the "Five Feathers" when I show 'em the "Daily Thingumbob" every other day about Rileys scooping the pool at these trials and things. Now, listen—I did Newbury to Brighton yesterday in . . . must you go?

● to hear nothing at all about cars. Simkins at the garage puts the petrol in, I believe. Yes, I own a Riley because it's an engineering job, properly designed as I see it, and Pre-selectagear makes it peacefully simple to drive. Heavens, no! I write books about butterflies.

● a business proposition, even though I use my car mainly for pleasure. My Riley depreciates at about the rate of my place in Surrey—and maybe I'll sell *that* at a profit one of these days. Yes, I really bought it for my daughter, but I decided I'd drive it myself.

● a real motor car. I've been in the trade all my life—accessories. Since I've had my Riley I cover my ground four times instead of three every quarter; and it's about the one bus you can drive up to another manufacturer's without offending 'em. In fact, the buyer at "Speed-Fours" Ltd. told me he'd drive one himself if he wasn't making cars, too.

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MRS. PARKER was chamberwoman to Queen Louise, Consort of Frederick William III. of Prussia, a lovely woman, famous for the beauty of her hair. Mrs. Parker, German by birth, married an Englishman and came to live in Sussex, bringing with her the beauty formulas of her Royal and lovely mistress, which speedily attained and have retained celebrity. To-day, her descendant, Professor Harley Parker, who has made a lifelong and scientific study of the hair, in health and sickness, maintains that these preparations, with concentrated vegetable essences as their base, have all the virtues of true hair-restoratives, and this thesis is more than vindicated by their long and continued success.

Professor Harley Parker repudiates any "secrets" in the composition of the famous "Quin Julep," which prevents the hair from falling, promotes growth, removes dandruff, allaying irritation, and restoring the circulation of the scalp, or the "Bark Lotion," which contains the same ingredients and is invaluable when the hair is weak, faded or discoloured.

THESE preparations, as well as the special lotions, Verveine and Cinchona pomades, are prepared according to the true principles of hair restoration from ingredients which he frankly enumerates in his intensely interesting little book, "The Human Hair," in which he expounds the fruits of long and exhaustive research by such famous specialists and scientists as Dr. Berthold, Sir Lauder Brunton, Webber, Pasteur, and others, as well as his own observation and long experience. In this and other valuable works, including "The Hair and the Nervous System," Dr. Harley Parker explains simply, so that the layman—and woman—can understand, the nature and structure of hair, the "ailments" which may afflict it, their causes, the methods of diagnosis and the process of remedial measures.

Certain herbal essences have been found to be of remarkable efficacy, notably, lavender, cyclamen and rosemary, and, first and foremost, for the renovation of the hair, the verveine plant, which is the "holy plant" to which Dioscrides ascribed great powers and which the Druids believed to be possessed of special virtues. These and other valuable herbs and the essence of barks are used to-day in the famous Harley Parker preparations.

AMONG Professor Parker's valuable contributions to the cultivation of healthy and lovely hair is the method of diagnosis, based on Dr. Berthold's discoveries. He holds that the condition of the hair shaft reproduces that of the hidden root or follicle, and that its analysis is a sure guide to the basic cause of falling, scurf, loss of colour, and so on, thus ensuring accurate diagnosis and appropriate prescription, adapted to individual need. Further, he has the reassuring conviction that when hair loses its colour "the vitality of the hair glands is rarely destroyed but only suspended," and can be restored by proper treatment.

DR. HARLEY PARKER explodes many fallacies in regard to the care of the hair—for instance, that singeing is beneficial and washing harmful. He does not advocate too frequent shampooing, which is useless as a treatment for dandruff or scurf; he is opposed to drastic methods such as *violent* brushing and considers the use of spirit definitely harmful. He considers certain electrical treatments in some cases, and hand massage, especially self-administered, valuable.

Professor Harley Parker numbers among his clients, beneficiaries and the advocates of his treatments and preparations many people of importance in the social and medical worlds, and anyone interested in the sound and scientific care of the hair, in health and sickness, and who agrees with Sir W. Davenant that it is "the crowning beauty . . . lacking which there is no true perfection," would do well to consult him, at 117, St. George's Road, S.W.1, or to possess themselves of his invaluable treatise or reprints from his articles in the Press, on this highly specialised and all-important subject.

The Editor's Box

Sea Quoits

Left:

Mr. George Howson, the founder and Chairman of the British Legion Poppy Factory, playing deck-quoits with Mr. F. R. McGregor, of Australia, on board the Orient liner Otranto, on the way to Australia

Right:

Miss Jean Grant won the first prize at a fancy-dress dance at the Hotel Riposa, Bexhill, when she appeared as "Little Lady Liqueur," who represents Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy and other liqueurs by Thos. Grant and Sons, of Maidstone, Kent

"Little Lady Liqueur"

"Standardisation"

This is what Harry Woan recommends to golf beginners, in a booklet called "Swing Secrets," which has been produced by the Austin Motor Company, Ltd. The golfer's swing is analysed here from every aspect, and excellent snapshots are used to illustrate the various points made in the text. The Alphabetical Analysis contains the information in a different and most convenient form. If every golfer could attain the "standardisation" described here, he would soon find that his handicap could be signalled on the fingers of one hand. This interesting and well-produced booklet can be obtained from all Austin distributors.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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What's On

"The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Leslie Banks as Clive and Gillian Lind as his wife in the Lipscombe-Minney collaboration: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—The discovery of a lost masterpiece upsets Cedric Hardwicke and all his family; only Edith Evans and her Welsh accent remain more or less unperturbed: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

EAST LYNNE.—Mrs. Henry Wood's Victorian melodrama amuses its Georgian audiences; Helena Pickard as "the dove" and Edgar K. Bruce as "the serpent": Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ESCAPE ME NEVER!—Elisabeth Bergner acts brilliantly but the erratic Bohemianism of Marguerite Kennedy's play about the Sangers allows her only limited opportunities to demonstrate the greatness of her art: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FIRST EPISODE.—Terence Rattigan and Philip Heimann's university-life play, with Barbara Hoffe, Meriel Forbes and Patrick Waddington: Comedy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FRESH FIELDS.—Lilian Braithwaite and Ellis Jeffreys inimitable in Ivor Novello's comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

GENIUS AT HOME.—Wilfred Walter as Thomas Carlyle, and Marda Vanne as Jane, in Elizabeth Drew's play: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30—till February 3rd.

HENRY V.—Godfrey Tearle as Henry, Yvonne Arnaud as Katherine, Franklin Dyall as Pistol: Alhambra, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.—Marie Tempest has the perfect part in H. M. Harwood's brilliant comedy: Queen's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REUNION IN VIENNA.—Perfect polish, wit, and charm, and the authentic Viennese glamour, for which grateful bouquets may be handed to Robert Sherwood, who wrote the play, and to Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt and Cecil Parker who play, respectively, the wife, her ex-princely lover, and her psychiatrist husband. Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD OF BORDEAUX.—History burnished and subtly modernised to make one of the most successful plays of the year; John Gielgud and Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies head the excellent cast: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE RIVALS.—Lady Tree, Joyce Carey, Baliol Holloway and Frank Cellier in the cast of Sheridan's play: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.—A revival of Clifford Bax's play about that so-fashionable monarch, Henry VIII., with Frank Vosper again as the King: Vaudeville, 8.30.

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN.—Dorothy Hyson acts delightfully as a girl who wants to run her marriage as a love affair; Colin Keith-Johnstone plays the husband, Joyce Barbour the sharp-tongued sister, in Maxwell Anderson's play: Westminster, 8.30.

A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN.—Robert Donat, Doris Fordred, and Ernest Thesiger, a brilliant trio in James Bridie's play on the roundabouts and swings of heredity: Piccadilly, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TEMPEST.—With Charles Laughton as Prospero, Ursula Jeans as Miranda, and Roger Livesey and Elsa Lanchester as Caliban and Ariel: Old Vic, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

GAY DIVORCE.—Fred Astaire dances as only he can, with Claire Luce to back him up; they have Cole Porter's songs to sing: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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Mirth and Mystery

AFTERWARDS.—Walter Hackett mixes crookery with farce, Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, and Gordon Harker topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LADIES' NIGHT.—An Aldwych farce, with a Turkish bath centrepiece, and Sydney Howard "What's-to-do-ing" with his customary verve and hand-play: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Robert Douglas in his original part: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHILE PARENTS SLEEP.—Anthony Kimmins' first play still raises a theatre-full of laughs: Playhouse, 8.40. Last night, February 3rd.

First Nights

SPRING, 1600.—Emlyn Williams' new comedy, with Joyce Bland, Isabel Jeans, Ian Hunter, produced by John Gielgud: Shaftesbury, January 31st.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Jack Buchanan and Elsie Randolph in a modern and musical version of Dick Whittington's story: Hippodrome, February 1st.

BIRTHDAY.—Marie Löhr, Jessica Tandy, Brian Aherne are in the excellent cast of Rodney Ackland's play: Cambridge, February 2nd.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST: Old Vic, February 5th.

MARRIAGE IS NO JOKE.—James Bridie's new play, with Ralph Richardson, Sophie Stewart, and Phyllis Shand: Globe, February 6th.

WITHIN THE GATES.—Sean O'Casey's new play: Royalty, February 6th.

OPERA AND BALLET

BALLETS JOOSS.—The programme of this company's second season in London includes a new ballet, "Sept Chasseurs," as well as "La Table Verte" and other previous successes: Gaiety.

OPERA.—The Vic-Wells season continues at Sadler's Wells.

CINEMAS

ANNA AND ELISABETH.—Hertha Thiele and Dorothea Wieck, of "Mädchen in Uniform" fame, in a beautifully photographed film: Academy.

AUNT SALLY.—This Cicely Courtneidge comedy makes another appearance: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE CONSTANT NYMPH.—Brian Aherne and Victoria Hopper in the film version of Margaret Kennedy's book, directed by Basil Dean: New Gallery.

DESIGN FOR LIVING.—Noel Coward's New York success filmed, under Ernst Lubitsch's direction; Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins and Gary Cooper as the two friends and their girl-friend: Plaza.

I COVER THE WATERFRONT.—All about smuggling Chinese into California, directed by James Cruze, and starring Claudette Colbert and Ben Lyon. Also the much-discussed "Whither Germany?": Leicester Square.

I'M NO ANGEL.—Mae West's "Come up and see me some time" film continues to be amusing, vulgar, and full of life: Carlton.

THE INVISIBLE MAN.—H. G. Wells' story adapted rather unconvincingly for the screen: Tivoli.

LE PETIT ROI.—The boy-star, Robert Lynen ("Poil de Carotte"), in a new film: Rialto.

LITTLE WOMEN.—Katharine Hepburn in the film version of Louisa M. Alcott's book; all America sobbed over it: Regal.

MASTER OF MEN.—Jack Holt and Fay Wray in a big-business story: Capitol.

SILLY SYMPHONIES.—A new Walt Disney programme of Symphonies and Mickey Mouse films, including "Babes in the Wood" and "Bears and Bees": Tatler.

MUSIC

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Bruno Walter conducts Mozart's Fortieth and Brahms' Fourth Symphonies, and Prokofiev plays his own Fifth Concerto: Queen's Hall, to-night, 8.15.

R.P.S.—Sir Thomas Beecham conducts; Moritz Rosenthal is the soloist in Chopin's Concerto No. 1; the programme includes Berlioz' Chasse Royal et Orage, and the Venusberg Music: Queen's Hall, February 1st, 8.15.

BEECHAM SUNDAY AFTERNOON CONCERT.—Sir Thomas Beecham conducts the L.P.O.; Herbert Janssen and Anthony Pini are soloists: Queen's Hall, February 4th, 3.15.

COURTAULD-SARGENT.—The London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Julius Harrison, plays a Mozart programme; Artur Schnabel is the Concerto soloist: Queen's Hall, February 5th and 6th, 8.15.

Recitals

LILI KRAUSS AND DANIEL KARPILOWSKI.—Piano and violin sonata recital: Aeolian Hall, February 1st, 8.30.

SZIGETI.—Gives his only recital this season at a National Sunday League Concert: Palladium, February 4th, 3.15.

DANCING

In the Restaurants

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—The Café de Paris Girls dance at ten and midnight; Lew Stone's band: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Mary McCormic (Princess S. Mdivani) the New York prima-donna, makes her first London appearance; Billy Gerhardi and his band: extension night, Wednesday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Louis Simmonds and his band (late Embassy Club) play dance music, and there is a cabaret.

CHEZ QUAGLINO.—A conjuror, Keith Clark, supplies the cabaret this week; Van Straten's band plays for dancing: extension night, Wednesday.

COSSACK.—Here are three orchestras, one coloured, to dance to: extension night, Thursday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—The New York Midnight Follies of 1934 are appearing now, with Mitzie Mayfair as star-dancer: Jack Jackson's band plays.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Douglas Byng back at one of his old haunts; Jack Harris makes the dance music: extension night, Thursday.

PICCADILLY.—Walsh and Arnold, the Americans, still sing, Otto and Hugo are eccentric dancers, and Donna le Bourdais dances, too: extension night, Friday.

VANITY FAIR.—A place to dance into the larger small hours, to a band that's as rhythmically good as it is small.

In the Ballrooms

UNITED HUNTS BALL.—In aid of the Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor: Savoy, February 1st.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

BRITISH ART: Burlington House.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS: Suffolk Street, Pall Mall.

SPORT

RUGGER.—Scotland v. Wales: Edinburgh, February 3rd.

SQUASH RACKETS.—British Women's Championships: Queen's Club, February 5th—9th.

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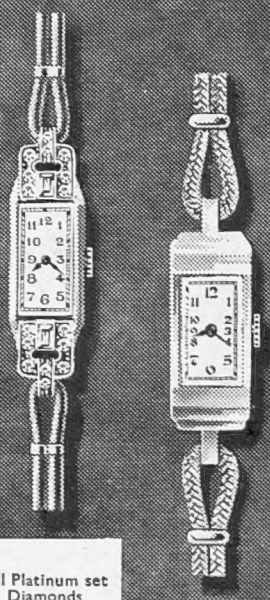

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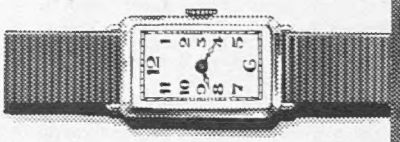

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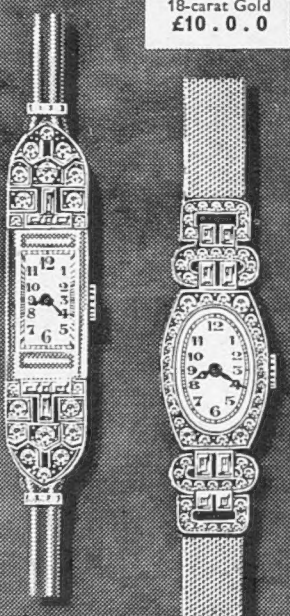

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Acceptances and Confirmed Credits	10,176,005
Engagements	5,657,399
ASSETS	
Coin, Bank Notes and Balances with Bank of England	42,233,852
Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks	13,821,540
Money at Call and Short Notice	21,035,289
Investments at or under Market Value	118,086,369
Bills Discounted	62,828,431
Advances to Customers and other Accounts	164,440,337
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits and Engagements	15,833,404
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Other Properties and work in progress for extension of the business	1,106,063
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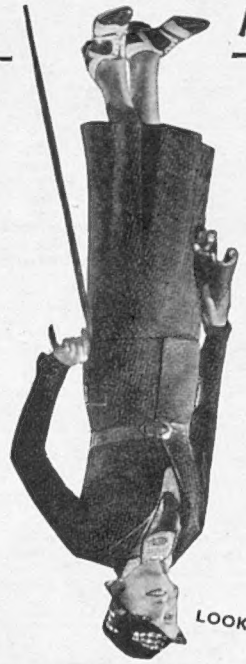

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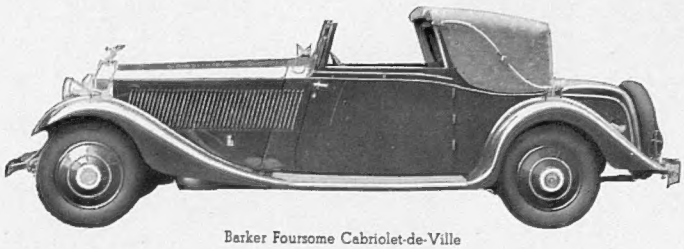

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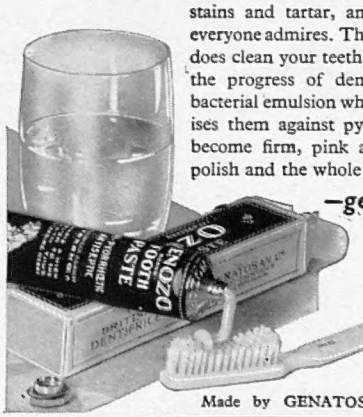

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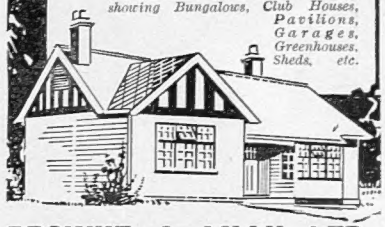

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